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Notes of the Week

THOUGH it is by no means all that the Chinese desired, the settlement announced from Washington of the Shantung question none the less indicates a considerable concession by Japan to China, for it means in effect the full return of the province to the latter, if not at once, at all events within a comparatively short period. This settlement, we are told, was reached through the mediation of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Secretary Hughes, with the strong support of President Harding, who no doubt felt that unless something substantial was done for China in accordance with American opinion the prospect of the ratification of the various Pacts produced by the Conference was exceedingly remote. But even with the Shantung difficulty out of the way, we think it only right to remind our readers that the ratification by the Senate of these Pacts is still problematical. At the Conference Mr. Balfour stated that as a consequence of the Sino-Japanese agreement about Shantung Britain would restore Wei-Hai-Wei to China. He said quite rightly that the circumstances under which that port had been leased had entirely changed. The place had little or no value apart from these circumstances, and we see no objection now to its being given up.

As the situation in India, with which, and Egypt, we deal elsewhere, is now universally recognized as extremely grave, it should engage the most earnest attention of Parliament at the earliest possible moment. Especially ought it, we think, to be of the utmost concern to the Conservatives that the matter should be dealt with quickly and with resolution, for India is one of the greatest of British interests, for which they profess a special regard. Owing to the lack of a policy of firmness on the part of the Government, India quite unmistakably threatens to get out of hand. It is therefore an even more urgent thing for consideration than Egypt, which at least is still under effective control. Negotiations that we hope may lead to a settlement have been reopened with the Egyptian leaders, and Lord Allenby has been summoned to London to place his considered views on the subject before the Cabinet. British interests must be conserved in Egypt, for they are of fundamental importance, and in this respect the disorderly state of India has an obvious moral.

We should have expected Lord Birkenhead to lay down the principles of government which the Coalition intends in the future to pursue. There was not, however, a hint or suggestion of constructive policy in his oration. He spoke of everything and everybody in the most deprecatory language, revived old controversies, recalled old differences, and, strangely enough, in a passage in which he condemned the old diplomacy and the old party methods, made use of expressions which might have been culled from the golden age of partisan oratory. Lord Birkenhead has been frequently spoken of as a desirable Prime Minister. We ourselves have on more than one occasion considered his claims hopefully. It is therefore with some despondency that we note his intention to rely on the easier methods of destructive declamation, rather than on a cooler and more composed type of public expression, suited to the dignity of his office, and consonant with what he has recently taught us to expect from him.

The Lord Chancellor's speech was not a statesmanlike utterance. It was petty, partisan, and disingenuous. He omitted to remember, when making his sarcastic allusion to the descriptions of the Coalition current in the Press two years ago as " decrepit, moribund, decaying, and diseased," that these adjectives, after all, were not very different from his own at that time. We seem to remember an article which he contributed to a weekly newspaper in which he called the same body " invertebrate." Nor were his references to Lord Grey particularly happy, for the Lord Chancellor remains glad to serve in a Government containing many of the old colleagues of Lord Grey who must share with him the responsibility for going into the Great War " with a diplomacy that never suspected it and with an army wholly unprepared for its outbreak." In a somewhat untimely assault on the old Liberal Government, indulged in purely for Lord Grey's benefit, the Lord Chancellor, oblivious of his own record in regard to Ireland, indicted Mr. Asquith's administration for passing the Home Rule Act which " might have " caused civil war in Ireland. Lord Birkenhead furthermore thought fit to reveal for the purposes of personal attack and partisan advantage some secret episodes of the war, shorn from their context and inadequtely illustrated in relation to contemporary circumstances. These methods of controversy are unworthy of the statesmanship which we have a right to expect from the Lord Chancellor.

The General Federation of Trade Unions has issued a well-reasoned memorandum criticising the employment exchanges. It has some strong comments to make, which we believe will be reinforced by the report of the Geddes Committee, on " the attempt to popularize the Exchanges by using them for the distribution of moneys obtained by compulsory contributions." The results of this sinister system have been, as we have repeatedly asserted and as this memorandum now asserts, to weaken the Trade Unions so that they are now of necessity less concerned with trade and employment than formerly, and more concerned with enforcing what they conceive to be the rights of their members against the State. The memorandum goes on to ad-

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vocate a system of insurance against unemployment whereby the industry itself shall assume its own responsibility both for the provision of funds and for their administration and management. It is with pleasure that we learn that the Federation is preparing a Bill on these lines for presentation to Parliament. Until industry is recognised as the appropriate unit for dealing with industrial administration and the maintenance and welfare of its own workers, we shall remain without a healthy political system and with an unhealthy industrial system. Meanwhile it is gratifying to learn that the Trades Unions themselves are beginning to appreciate that the political machine cannot take them by a short cut to Paradise.

We can only admire the ingenuousness of Colonel Levita, Chairman of the Theatres and Music Halls Committee of the L.C.C., who is chiefly responsible for the new restrictions on the Cinema, when he blandly protests to a *Times* Correspondent against the possibilty of his conduct being made a political issue at the coming elections. He said that " the film trade would be making a very great mistake if they decided to use the film censorship as an electioneering cry." We do not know of any more appropriate means than that of the ballot box whereby the public can effectively register its disapproval of this most recent assault on its liberties. One would expect an obscurantist body such as the Theatres and Music Halls Committee to be horrified at the thought of any protest, however constitutional, being registered against their actions. But what we do not expect, and what we completely fail to understand, is what authority Colonel Levita has to threaten the film exhibitors that any successful protest against his arbitrary Committee can only result in the establishment of a national censorship for the cinematograph. So far as we are aware the question has never been mooted, and we can only compare Colonel Levita's threat to the action of a schoolmaster who, after flogging a boy, informs him that he only did it for his own good. Is it too much to hope that Colonel Levita's constituents will take their obvious remedy at the coming L.C.C. elections?

During the present month the Licensing hours for the coming year will be determined by the London Justices. Already the City of London Justices have decided to close the public houses in their area at 10.30 p.m. on week-days. Strong efforts are being made by Temperance Associations and Councils of Moral Welfare to obtain a restriction of the hours all over the Metropolis and thus to defy the declared intentions of Parliament. The haphazard system by which the hours in which persons may drink is regulated has already resulted in different hours being fixed in different districts, and the anomalous position has been created of a public house being allowed to sell drinks on one side of the road when a competitive enterprise on the opposite side is forced to remain closed. It is intolerable in a democratic community that small irresponsible bodies of men should be allowed to usurp the functions of the legislature and hold an undisputed sway. May we suggest to the Licensed Victuallers Central Protection Association, that instead of presenting a Bill which shall fix the closing hour at 11 o'clock, they should present a Bill for abolishing the Licensing Justices altogether? These anachronistic survivals of the Tudor Period perform no useful purpose in the present century, and might well be dispensed with.

The Magistrates appear to be making a stand against a series of fatuous regulations, the legacy of D.O.R.A., most of which have been incorporated in other Acts of Parliament and By-laws and the decrees of various officials, such as the Lord Chamberlain, who are statutorily empowered to harrass and control the pleasures of the people. On Wednesday Mr. Ratcliffe Cousins dismissed a summons against a publican who had served a paid police spy with a small packet of cigarettes some few minutes after 8 p.m. with the comment that " if a sardine on toast had been served a cigarette could have been sold." He added that " a publican must not sell a biscuit with wine as he infringed the Bakers and Confectioners' Order. He could sell cooked sausages but not a raw sausage or he infringed the Butchers' Order. This law would hold good until the people at a General Election demanded its abolition." Only last week a small shopkeeper was summoned for selling a biscuit which contained some small percentage of sugar on the ground that sugar should not be sold after 8 p.m. The magistrate in this case dismissed the summons and had some stringent comments to make on the waste of public money that had been incurred by so technical a prosecution. We are tired of calling the public attention to this type of Prussianism. How long will the people stand it?

The leading article which we devote to the activities of Dr. Farnell in regard to his proscription of the Labour Club, is by no means exhaustive of his inquisitorial conduct. From his many persecutions we have selected this one for two reasons. First, because even a casual reader of these pages would acquit us readily of any sympathy with the particular politics of the Oxford University Labour Club beyond an obvious desire, which unfortunately we are not privileged to share with the Vice-Chancellor of the University, to see all sections of political thought adequately represented, even when they differ from our own. We feel a certain shame in being constrained to point out to so eminent a classical scholar as Dr. Farnell what is a commonplace of history. The forcible repression of public political discussion, whether in a University or in the outside world, can only produce reactions from which society is bound to suffer and from which the University is now suffering. Secondly, we refer to this particular repression because the intentions and the mentality of the Vice-Chancellor stand revealed more clearly in the light of his own correspondence than in any obvious comments that we might make on persecution in general. We do not pretend to have exhausted this interesting subject.

Nothing further has happened in the past week which would help us to define the policy of the Poincaré Government. It is, perhaps, significant that M. Franklin Bouillon has visited Russia, and that after, if not necessarily as a consequence of, his visit Lord Curzon's proposed conference in Paris on Near Eastern questions should have been postponed. M. Poincaré is probably at the moment in the position of a minister who has to consider what modifications are necessary in the policy which he outlined when he occupied the less responsible position of a critic. Events at Washington, and possibly also a reconsideration of the Genoa policy, have no doubt given him material for thought. It will be a good thing for Europe if M. Poincaré has the courage, as he certainly has the intelligence, to abandon the extremer elements in the policy which he sketched as a journalist, and to conform more closely to what are the realities of the political situation.

We should like to know what is the truth regarding the Anglo-Belgian Pact of which we have read something in our papers, and about which M. Theunis, the Belgian Premier, confidently stated last week that it was on the point of being concluded. Belgium has already a treaty with France—a secret treaty. In his remarks in the Belgian Chamber M. Theunis said that the Anglo-Belgian Pact would " serve to complete the defensive military agreement of September, 1920, with France." As the terms of this agreement are unknown to us, we are unable to say what precisely the expression " defensive " connotes. More than once Britain has gone to the defence of Belgium, and may have to do so again. The Anglo-Belgian Pact spoken of was, we suppose,

supplementary to the Anglo-French Pact that failed to go through at Cannes, but if Britain had bound herself by that Pact to defend the soil of France, would she not also have bound herself, in virtue of France's agreement with Belgium, to defend that country even if there had been no Anglo-Belgian Pact? And, conversely, if an Anglo-Belgian Pact is made, does it not imply, in virtue of Belgium's agreement with France, that Britain binds herself in the same way to defend France? Here is a matter which, we think, should be elucidated in Parliament without delay.

In previous issues we commented on the efforts Austria was making to save herself from ruin. These efforts were in the right direction, but it has become apparent that they will not be sufficient in themselves to bring about the desired end. Austria stands in fact on the brink of the abyss, and will topple over and fall into it unless she obtains assistance from outside. It is being suggested that this assistance should take the form of a short term loan of two-and-a-half millions sterling to be advanced by Britain, and we note that a French paper stated that France might come forward with an equal sum of money on similar terms. Heaven knows that Britain has little enough money to spare, but after all the amount mentioned is not large, and of course it can be found. No one doubts that it is worth while to save Austria, for her ruin would mean the ruin of others and have a generally disastrous effect in Central Europe, with its repercussions here in England. The real question, we think, is whether the loan proposed will effect its purpose. If there is a fair prospect of that, we are in favour of the loan being made; perhaps Austria has something to offer as guarantees, and this would make the matter easier.

During the past week the situation in Germany has shown a distinct improvement. Dr. Wirth, who, we are convinced, is honestly trying his best to fulfil the obligations of his country to the Allies, has scored something of a triumph. For several days the fate of his Government hung in the balance, and it seemed impossible for him to find a fiscal policy to which the majority of the various political parties would agree. At length, however, he was able to form what has been called the Big Coalition, which includes not only the Centre and the Majority Socialists, of whose support he was tolerably sure, but also the People's Party and the Democrats. That he was joined by the Democrats indicated the return, now announced, to the Government of Dr. Rathenau, who made the Wiesbaden Agreement with M. Loucheur. The most significant part of the new combination is the People's Party—which means that Dr. Wirth has gained the support of the Industrialists. The parties who now oppose him are the Nationalists, the Independent Socialists, and the Communists—the extreme Right and the Extreme Left. In all he has a majority of about two hundred in the Reichstag, and should have little difficulty in carrying out his programme.

The German Government has outlined its plans for complying with the conditions imposed by the Reparations Commission and the Supreme Council at Cannes, and it is no more than just to admit that they indicate a considerable effort on the part of Germany. Besides sending to Paris the second ten days' instalment of thirty-one million gold marks, the Germans have presented a fiscal programme which nearly doubles the existing taxation—from fifty-five to one hundred milliard marks. With regard to reparations Dr. Wirth said a few days ago in the Reichstag that as the Allies insisted on heavy reparation payments, and as Germany was unable to resist, she must do all she could to meet these payments. But the attempt would result in demonstrating that the demands of the Allies were impossible, and that anything like the fulfilment of these demands would seriously injure both victors and vanquished. This being the case, he maintained that the Allies would be forced to reduce these demands. We agree. For our part we believe that a return to sanity concerning reparations is one of the things essential for the re-establishment of the economic foundations of the world.

By the engagement of her daughter to King Alexander of Yugo-Slavia, Queen Marie of Roumania, one of the cleverest as well as most beautiful women in Europe, brings near fulfilment her plans for the formation of a Balkan Entente. Last year, it will be recalled, her daughter, Princess Elizabeth, married the Greek Crown Prince, whose sister, Princess Helena, married the Crown Prince of Rumania. To these alliances will soon be added that with the sovereign of the Triune Kingdom. United in this way Rumania, Yugo-Slavia, and Greece acquire a political significance which none of them could have attained separately. This new Entente must make for peace in South-Eastern Europe. It has also an important bearing on the Turkish question, for it is certain it will have something to say about any proposed settlement regarding Thrace which inclines, in its opinion, to be too favourable to the Turks.

A good deal of unnecessary prejudice has been imported into the newspaper comments on Russian famine relief. We have satisfied ourselves that the funds which appeal are correctly conducted. Having made extensive enquiries into the matter, we can assure our readers that the money subscribed for famine relief does reach the sufferers, and does not go to feed the Bolshevist armies. It is, perhaps, not irrelevant to observe that those who are strongest in criticizing the appeals of the " Save the Children " Fund, on the ground that charity ought to begin at home, have done nothing to organise any similar appeal for destitution within the British Isles. In any case Dr. Nansen himself ought not to suffer from criticism directed against the policy which he is carrying out, which cannot properly be made against his own devoted and efficient service to what he believes to be the cause of humanity.

An association is circularizing America on a large scale in favour of reforming the calendar. The suggestion is to establish a year of thirteen months, each of twenty-eight days; and it is claimed that the consequent saving of clerical labour would react to the enormous benefit of trade and commerce. The one additional day which, according to the scheme, would occur in each year, would be appointed a public holiday; but we seem to detect in this a possibility of political abuse of the calendar such as followed Numa's introduction of an intercalary month in Rome. It is suggested, characteristically, that the extra month shall be called " Liberty," but no intimation is conveyed as to whether " Liberty " shall contain the anniversary day of the passing of the Prohibition Law. In any case, we suspect that public aversion from the ill-omen of a thirteen-month year will prevent the passage of the scheme into law, if we may judge by the popular outcry against the alleged loss of eleven days that accompanied the adoption of the Gregorian calendar in this country, or the more modern complaint against Summer Time.

From the number of letters on the subject of fraudulent spiritualistic séances which we continue to receive it appears that our correspondents did not observe our intimation last week that the correspondence on this matter is for the time being closed. Having devoted some eighteen columns of the SATURDAY REVIEW to the exposure of a very old and familiar fraud we feel that we have done enough for the time being. People who

wish to indulge in " hymns and humbug " will continue to do so, undeterred by the unsympathetic facts; others will be glad to turn their attention to less grotesque and more vital matters.

An amusing by-path in English literature is the study of the poetry—or verse—written by several of our Kings and Queens. Certainly the best of our royal poets was Henry VIII, if, as seems probable, we can accept the traditional attribution to him of several charming songs. But the most voluminous verse-writer of them all was James I, who published two volumes of poetry, and left many things in manuscript. The subject is brought to our minds this week by the fact that the Bodleian Library has issued, as a supplement to its *Quarterly Record,* five poems by James I, printed in the Fell type from manuscripts in the library. Incidentally, this is only the second piece of printing ever done within the walls of the Bodleian. Of the five poems three are given as new texts of known verses, and two as not previously printed. It is a pity, however, that those responsible did not notice that one of the two (the lines written at Burley House) was printed in Dr. A. F. Westcott's ' New Poems by James I of England,' published in 1911 by the Columbia University Press, and also in a volume of the Historical MSS. Commission's ' Reports.' It is to be hoped that some scholar will one day give us a complete edition of the poems of the royal pedant, who, though he was not a great poet, had at times a certain minor charm that is not unpleasant.

The death of Ernest Shackleton on the threshold of his own Antarctic is one of those events that shock us as a nation into momentary remembrance and consciousness of our heritage. For he typified the best British manhood and was in the true line of sea-faring adventurers, of whom there are not so many born that we can afford that one should die untimely. While we record our sorrow at his death and express our utmost sympathy with those whom he has left behind, we do not forget the gallant little band who have gone on into the snow and darkness with ensign dipped, to fulfil his quest and win fresh glory for their country.

POPLAR

IGNORANCE of questions of local and national Government is so profound in this country that Mr. Lansbury has been widely advertised as a promoter of revolution in Poplar. Mr. Lansbury is nothing of the kind. He is a sane and practical administrator, performing the useful service of exposing the fatuity of the system which he and his fellow Guardians were called upon to administer. There has, however, been a revolution in local government. Sir Alfred Mond and his colleagues of the Coalition promoted it. It is the Minister of Health who should have been imprisoned and not Mr. George Lansbury. We raised our voice in the wilderness on November 5th of last year. We cried a protest against the Local Authorities (Financial Provisions) Bill which has since become an Act. On that date we offered some stringent comments upon the constitutional revolution which Sir Alfred Mond was inaugurating. Profiting by the apathy of his countrymen, the Minister of Health was enabled, with the full approval and consent of the Commons in Parliament assembled—or rather of the forty or fifty odd members who bothered to attend on so trivial an occasion—to obtain legislative sanction for the principle of taxation without representation. The Act to which we refer distributed the whole cost of outdoor relief of the individual Unions of London upon the ratepayers as a whole. But it gave the ratepayers no say whatever in the expenditure of their own money. Mr. Lansbury and his colleagues were henceforth empowered quite constitutionally to distribute other people's money amongst such people in their own districts as they chose to benefit. Another vital flaw in this Bill which we foresaw at the time is that while the Minister of Health is authorized to prescribe the " scale of relief," the number of people to whom the donations may be distributed is left entirely to the inclination of the Guardians themselves. These gentlemen were directly offered the temptation and, indeed, given the means of purchasing their election to a public body with money raised outside their own constituencies. The omission to establish any control or even supervision over the number of persons who might be granted poor relief was all the more remarkable, because in 1906 we saw the spectacle of the whole of Poplar being pauperized by Mr. Lansbury's famous policy of disbursing recklessly the public funds.

It will be remembered that his action in this regard was the subject in 1906 of an inquiry by the Local Government Board into the conduct of the Poplar Poor Law Guardians. They had given an out-of-work donation of, if we rightly remember, 25s. per week to every man who claimed to be out of work. Everyone in Poplar stopped work. In order, presumably, to avoid suffering as a result of their industry, the able-bodied men of Poplar are to-day throwing up their jobs. At least, there are more able-bodied men in Poplar in receipt of Poor Relief than in any other Borough. So the conditions of 1906 have been repeated in spite of Sir Alfred Mond's measure. Now, if the Minister of Health had desired to avoid a recurrence of the abuses which under one of his distinguished predecessors had formed the matter of an inquiry, it might have been expected that in the public interest he would have taken the precaution of inquiring how it came about that Mr. Lansbury and his colleagues in the past were enabled to do the very thing which he desired by his measure to render impossible, namely, to spend without control other people's money. Instead of taking this obvious course he increased the facilities. Had he troubled to inquire, he would have found that the Guardians of Poplar had derived the wherewithal of their generosity by taxing the wealth that had no votes with the help of the voter who had no wealth. The rates in Poplar are not now, nor have they ever been, paid by the unemployed. They are paid by the factories and railway companies and large institutions which, creating the wealth and providing the livelihood of the district in which they are established, are rated in proportion to the benefit which they confer. These bodies, however, have no say in the measure of the local rates nor any control over the manner of their expenditure. Two-thirds of the rates of Poplar are paid by such institutions. In so far as the unemployed live in houses, the landlords pay a composition rate. But they have no votes. This is the system of Local Government which Mr. Lansbury, by consistent and repeated advertisement, has been exposing to the electors of this country. The lesson which he has taught remains unlearned. The apathy of our people is so great, their indifference to their own institutions is so ingrained, their supineness and their torpidity are of so long a standing, that they can allow one abuse to be covered by another, and a local scandal to be countered by a national disgrace. The Bill introduced by Sir Alfred Mond in November of last year is one of the most despicable pieces of legislation on the Statute Book. It is a complete reversal of a vital constitutional principle.

There is another aspect of this question which is almost as important as the grave issues which we have already stressed. Sir Alfred Mond's Act, which is responsible for the present trouble in Poplar because it failed to deal with the real cause but rather intensified it, and may yet lead to even more disastrous results, is but another manifestation of the new tendency on which the present Government has long since embarked, of using the legislature as a register for agreements made between members of the Executive, acting under pressure, and outside bodies. As with the railways and mines, so, in this instance, with the Poplar Guardians, did the Executive of this realm treat as with a foreign power. The Poplar Guardians have got

the best of the bargain. Until healthy influences are instilled into our Parliamentary institutions, until our constitutional usages are revived, until Ministers of State, abandoning industrial and social questions to units more qualified to deal with them, devote their minds to politics, until the State can contract itself within its proper sphere and the representatives of the people can be allowed once more to represent them, this business will go on. Where it will lead us, Heaven knows. In the meantime, the most urgent need is to develop a philosophy of statesmanship which shall foster the most appropriate units for self-expression and self-government. The unemployed of Poplar should depend upon the industries in which they normally work for their protection against the fluctuations of the industrial market. The areas of the London Unions, which are hopelessly out of date and unreal, if they are to continue at all, must be readjusted so that those who support them financially shall control them, and those who depend upon them financially shall have no more than their fair share of the public money. Perhaps Lord Ullswater's Committee will recommend what the Minister of Health is obviously too much pre-occupied to consider.

INDIA AND EGYPT

CAN India be saved to the Empire? From the suppression of the Mutiny up to only two or three years ago such a question would have been regarded as absolutely preposterous, and would have been treated with the scorn and ridicule which it then merited. But this is not the case to-day. For the question is being posed with the utmost seriousness by people who understand the facts and the tragic possibilities of the situation. It is most unfortunate that the number of people who know the truth about India is small. For many months there was an upholding of news or such a colouring of it as was utterly misleading; with one or two exceptions, the principal British journals took very little interest in the matter, and accepted such information as reached them as authentic and adequate. The British public, engrossed with things nearer home, were apathetic about India as about Imperial affairs generally. Voices were raised in warning, but they passed unheeded, as assurances that appeared to be authoritative were given that all was well. But these newspapers no longer persist in their former attitude, and the apathy of the public has broken down in face of the series of profoundly disquieting and lamentable events that have recently occurred, and are still taking place, throughout British India. The disorder and bloodshed that attended the landing of the Prince of Wales at Bombay in November, were seen to be part of an organized campaign of sedition, and opened the eyes of many to realities; and this process of enlightenment continued when there were hostile demonstrations in several other cities. Earlier was the Moplah insurrection, with its plain enough lessons. To these have to be added grim stories of riots, intimidation, lawlessness, crimes, tamperings with the fidelity of the troops, attacks on officials and murders of other white men which are inspired by an insensate race-hatred. In a word, unrest, with its usual deadly concomitants, is general and is increasing. This does not apply to the Native States, which remain autocratic in their government, and in which the Prince has received a hearty welcome.

What has brought about this state of things in British India which tends to make its government impossible? There is no doubt as to the answer. What has happened and is happening is the inevitable result of the policy of Mr. Montagu and the India Government during the last three years in permitting the organization of sedition under the leadership of Gandhi, a clever and unscrupulous political adventurer, though he was once described by Mr. Montagu as "a man of the highest motives and the finest character." After the suppression in 1919 of the disorders that had been caused by Gandhi's passive resistance movement, there was begun by the same agitator the non-co-operation campaign, which was the same thing under another name. Further, Gandhi strengthened his position by joining forces with the Moslem Khilifat party under the brothers Ali: Mohammedan and Hindu were united —a strange, unnatural, but portentous combination. Commendable firmness had been shown by the authorities in assuaging the troubles of 1919, and then suddenly, under orders from Mr. Montagu, a diametrically opposite policy was instituted. This led, and could do nothing but lead, to the encouragement of Gandhi and his followers. True to his rôle, however, Gandhi disclaimed any intention of inciting to violence; but this was the merest pretence. In actual fact, it is his teaching that is responsible for the terrorism, disloyalty, rioting, crimes and bloodshed which are now prevalent. In his paper Gandhi stated the other day that "every non-co-operator is pledged to create disaffection; non-co-operation deliberately aims at the overthrow of Government." It might have been thought such words were enough to cause his arrest, even if there had been nothing else to justify it; but he is still at large. He was to start his "mass civil disobedience" campaign on Tuesday of this week, but we go to press without information as to the upshot.

The British public were told that the gift of legislative institutions to the peoples of British India would satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the intellectuals and at the same time raise the condition of the rest of the population by making them dissatisfied with what Mr. Montagu called their "pathetic contentment." The Legislatures were to assist the Government, and gradually learn the art of governing for themselves. The Government of India Act, 1919, came into operation about a year ago; the object of it was to prevent discontent, and sedition was to be turned into the pursuit of constitutional methods. This object, however, has not been attained. On the contrary, most of the so-called Moderates have shown themselves without backbone in presence of the intimidation and terrorism exercised by Gandhism. Several of the provincial Governments, under pressure from the Councils, have evinced the most extraordinary vacillation—one day they were determined on a firm policy in dealing with the seditious, and on the next they were of an opposite mind. We observe the *Pioneer* states that what is occurring in India is placing all the legislative institutions of the country on their trial. For our part, we are not enamoured of these institutions. On Friday week Mr. Churchill at the Kenya dinner spoke of the need of a firm policy in dealing with Orientals within the Empire, and said that the "democratic principles of Europe are by no means suited to the development of Asiatic and African peoples." This, of course, is the truth, and we commend it to the consideration of Mr. Churchill's colleague in the Government, Mr. Montagu. On looking at what has taken place in the various Indian legislative bodies, who is there who will be so bold as to say that they are a success? Is it not the case that their action has not conduced to that firm policy which is necessary in the circumstances? It is true that Lord Reading, though late in the day, has taken measures to deal with sedition; but why is it that he does not strike at Gandhi, *fons et origo mali*? Can it be that Mr. Montagu is still protecting his "friend"?

There has been far too much protection for the disloyal, and far too little for the loyal in India. It is this as much as anything that has told adversely on the once splendid services by which Britain maintained her just and even-handed rule. We do not wonder that there is much discontent among British officials and officers, as they never know the moment when they may not be repudiated by the Government. Last week we commented on the highly unpleasant fact that Gandhism, which has been permitted to flourish—not

too strong a word—in India, has spread to Egypt, where it may be hoped, however, that it will not be suffered to take root and grow up into the menace it has become in its native land. But we cannot be sure of this, for although the leaders of Egyptian Gandhism were arrested, they were almost immediately suffered to go free with no more than a caution! We admit that Egypt and India are not parallel cases. We are in favour, as we said in previous issues, of making all possible concessions to Egypt, but we are convinced that a firm policy is as necessary there as in India—otherwise there will some day arise the question, Can British interests be saved in Egypt?

FARNELLISM AND CRIME

I

DR. LEWIS FARNELL, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, is engaged in the pursuit of establishing a modern Inquisition in Oxford. Making an unexpected use of powers which were conferred upon his office about the time when Torquemada was devising a jurisprudence of persecution and have ever since lain dormant and forgotten, he has stirred up a turmoil of discontent in the University and inspired consternation in the public mind. He has already banished two young men from the University for holding and expressing opinions with which he did not happen to agree. The political clubs for which Oxford is so justly famous and of which she is so justly proud, have been placed under the most severe restrictions. A public man has been prevented from addressing a section of the undergraduates on "China," because the Vice-Chancellor considered that the subject was one which would involve "problems of social morality." Even the theatrical programme devised for the entertainment of the urban population of Oxford has been bowdlerized, and a company of players whose performance has delighted London audiences for more than two years has been thrown out of employment.

It is interesting to trace the steps which Dr. Farnell has followed, for we will do him the credit of believing that he has a clear and definite object in view, that his actions are means to an end. He has himself defined that end. In October of last year he made a speech. We quote from the fullest report of that speech which we have seen. The *Oxford Magazine,* a journal conducted by Dons and for Dons, in its issue of October 20th, 1921, printed some verbatim extracts with enlightening comments. The comments themselves show to what depths of degradation the narrow spirit of obscurantism can sink. The *Oxford Magazine* wrote as follows:

> Lack of space prevents us from printing in full the Vice-Chancellor's review of the events of the academic year now past. But he raised two points of serious importance for the future. *One of them is not difficult to deal with;* it is no doubt true that nowadays "distractions and temptations to idleness" beset the undergraduate of either sex more than ever before. But "jazz entertainments," and even "politicians, social reformers, missionaries, and promoters of charities," can, if necessary, be proscribed.
>
> The other point, however, is one which so *vitally concerns the welfare of this University* that it cannot be too much or too often stressed. Our Professors are notoriously underpaid and our College teachers suffer an even worse fate—they are overworked as well. This not only impairs efficiency in teaching but prevents good men from making the best use of their powers. On both sides the matter is so serious that we are glad to be able to quote the exact words used by the Vice-Chancellor.

The *Oxford Magazine* goes on to print a lengthy and full account of what it conceives to be the only important part of the Vice-Chancellor's speech, namely, his pathetic references to the intolerable lot of the teaching staff. In this portion of his speech the Vice-Chancellor drives home the argument that "the most crying need of the University is an increase of the stipends of the Professoriate." So serious does Dr. Farnell consider the position of the Professoriate to be that he says the same thing in different language many times over. The most urgent need, he reiterates, is for higher pay, "but we suffer from another lack than that of money, the lack of leisure, and this is specially felt by our College teachers, overstrained with excessive tuition and College business. This arises partly from our own virtue and conscientiousness."

We are, therefore, doing Dr. Farnell no injustice when we assume that it is his intention to achieve, as his main object during his term of office, an improvement in the condition of the teaching staff. That, in itself, is an entirely laudable object. He must have been conscious, however, when he defined it, that there were two essential weaknesses in his argument. The first arises from the fact that the University terms only occupy six months of the year and that it is therefore difficult to make out a case for "overstrain." Whilst it may well be that the Professors of the University are not adequately remunerated for the six months' work which they do, it cannot be denied that it is not the fault of the University if they suffer from any "lack of leisure." Conversely it has always been considered that the undergraduate, during his long vacations, being freed from such "distractions and temptations to idleness" as beset him during the period he is associated with his fellows, can devote himself with application to the task of preparing himself for as many "firsts" as he may be required by his own ambitions or the standards of his College to take. The best representatives of the Oxford tradition have generally managed by virtue of these lengthy recesses not only to "take firsts" but to get "blues," become Presidents of the Union, or perform other achievements which are the peculiar pride of the ancient Universities.

The second weakness in Dr. Farnell's argument—and this is one which he did not overlook—is that there is a certain incongruity in maintaining that the Professorial staff is "overstrained" when it is a matter of common knowledge that undergraduates have always been in the habit of using the term to indulge in those activities and by-roads to knowledge and experience—in those "distractions and temptations to idleness"—which have formed so important an element in an Oxford education. These "distractions" the Vice-Chancellor thought he would have no difficulty in removing, particularly as the ex-service generation of undergraduates who had done so much to restore them—for to these men they meant Oxford—had almost passed away. Dr. Farnell accordingly began with the Labour Club. Doubtless he thought it was the weakest of Oxford's institutions and he made no secret of the horror in which he held it. He commanded its officers to delete the words "Oxford University" from its consecrated title, 'Oxford University Labour Club.' Apparently ignorant that the name had been chosen before his own election to the Vice-Chancellorship had even been mooted, "your organizers," he wrote, "ought to have asked my opinion before venturing to take such a name." He asserted somewhat naïvely, "I object to your club . . holding any meeting at all. . . If your club wishes to exist it must keep itself entirely private, both in respect of meetings and publications; otherwise we shall have to take steps." But Dr. Farnell's course was not such plain sailing as he imagined. Much to his surprise the other political clubs, Conservative and Liberal, protested against his arbitrary action. Dr. Farnell was asked whether he proposed to discriminate between one political party and another. To this he replied, somewhat ironically: "It is my duty and strong purpose to maintain an atmosphere of peace and fellowship within the University in which our true work can best flourish." He further remarked that this "atmosphere of peace and fellowship" had been somewhat endangered and that he was "better aware than any of you can be what is likely to endanger it and what is likely to promote it." For the moment we will leave Dr. Farnell with that utterance on his lips, in the hope that he will try some more appropriate method of promoting peace and fellowship in the University over which it is his privilege to rule.

SATURDAY WALKS

II. With John Speed

By Gerald Barry

ONE Spring day I turned my back on the Brighton train at Hassocks and walked westward, intending to reach the 'White Horse' at Storrington by sundown. With me I had John Speed's map of Sussex. Now a map may be an admirable companion if you do not become its slave. It is good to walk *with* a map; but to walk *by* a map is deliberately to spurn adventure, for though it may ensure that you shall find your way, it must ensure that you shall lose romance. For the glory of a map (and that reflected) is neither in its roads nor in its railways nor in any other of its devices for your guidance, but in its names. These other things keep you straight, but its names lead you astray; and it is only when we wander that we find adventure. Indeed, a map may be best company of all when you cannot walk; for then you may choose the most alluring names and travel thither in imagination, making tales of monstrous adventures encountered by the way—of the pagan ghost of Thunderbarrow and the witches in the hollow of Beggarsbush; of what befell at Smockalley, and how you met and defeated a dragon in the devious ways of Muddlewood. The work of old map-makers is filled with the stuff of romance. No conventional dot of the pen for a town would satisfy Saxton or Norden or Speed, but a medley of toppling spires and gables; not the tiresome meanderings of thin red contour lines, but complete, bold mountains, with windmills perched upon their summits. For estates they drew a group of solemn trees enclosed by crooked fencing; and when they mapped the sea the poetry in it overcame them, and they filled it with strange and terrifying monsters.

So I set out from Hassocks in a mind for adventure, with Speed for my sole companion. It is both quicker and better to climb Wolstanbury than to wind round the southern slopes of the hill by the high road, which is given over to motors. At Newtimber the range breaks, and it is convenient to follow the road through the village and round the next hill into Poynings. Then, leaving the road and climbing the disfigured Devil's Dyke, you may walk undisturbed along the northern ridge of the downs to Beeding. John Speed is reticent about the names of hills, and he drew each one separate from its fellow. It is so in Sussex still, that many of the hills have no names—except on Survey sheets—each one being sufficient unto itself and those who dwell beneath it; so that often in the by-roads you will come upon a signpost pointing simply "To the Hill." My way lay over Perching, Edburton and Truleigh hills, named for convenience after the villages below them, which Speed calls Parching, Alberton, and Trulye. These downs fall sheer to the weald like cliffs, and the fields below press closely up to the foot of them like the tide on a sloping beach, the hedges—heavy, on this day, with blackthorn—a white edge of surf, here successful in its encroachments, there retreating in a long, smooth curve.

At Steyning, a mile from Beeding, I climbed again by way of the Round Hill, and still walking westward looked out over the tops of beeches whose slender twigs, almost bare, gleamed red like veins against the blue of the sky. Far out in the patchwork plain the spire of Horsham church shone in the sunlight, and so clear was the air that I could plainly see chalkpits cut in the face of the North Downs thirty miles away. On the left the downs stretch out, hill and valley, over and over to the sea, and the loneliness and the wide view give an impression of infinite aloofness. And as I topped the rise to Chanctonbury, past where the sudden road goes down under an arch of trees, I beheld very far off to the south and west, beyond the farthest hills and the uttermost shores, an island, rising serene and white and glistening out of the sea. I gazed upon it with a wild surmise. This, then, was a Sign. Always one had travelled upon the verge of adventure, believing that at last over the rim of some ultimate hill would rise a vision of faery to prove the truth of magic. In that instant I knew that John Speed was right and that the makers of modern maps are blind. I knew that the little train puffing its way through the bright weald to London was only a toy train, and its smoke only a cloud. I looked over the Channel and knew its perilous seas were indeed peopled by leviathans, lashing the waters with their thrice-wrung tails, as Speed had drawn them long ago.

There was an allegory in the appearance of that island. I understood that it might only be known from afar; that if you should set out for it there would be hazards more fearful than those of Jason and his crew to encounter, and that should you dare Symplegades and Scylla and Charybdis you would come at last to find it gone and the dark waters closed above it. Even as I looked the westering sun hid it in a mist of gold, and I stood pondering upon men's visions always unattained and the pain of disillusion. And so I did not try to discover what island this might be, but imagined to myself that it was one of the 'Fortunatae Insulae' of medieval geographers, and fell to wondering about this countryside in the days of Speed. And as I wondered, roads and railways faded beneath my gaze, and under the westward brow of the hill the village of Changton was back where it had slept when Speed made his map, and the dust rose behind a horseman riding frantically northward. Suddenly, too, the air was loud with the echo of hammers swung to iron and shaking with the crash of falling timber—founders and woodmen pressing forward their contracts for the Queen. And looking out to sea I thought the sun caught the sails of King Philip's foremost vessel, and I knew that soon the warning would be blazing from height to height, from Duncton across to Chancton where I stood, and thence along all the line of the hills by Ditchling and Firle and Willingdon. With what redoubled energy would axes be plied next day and anvils ring to panic strokes! And I thought of the rumours that would reach the taverns that night, of the sharp sound of swords upon the grindstone, of partings that must be taken beneath the thatch.

I left the hill and went by way of Washington along the road to Thompson's Storrington, "treading the skirts of eventide." It is better to climb again at Washington and go along the top to Chantrey hill, from there dropping straight down to the village. But I went heedless of the way, thinking only of what I had seen and heard and of the romance brought to me by my old map. Only I noticed that the pine trees, which once covered the heath hereabouts, had fallen before the axe in response to a menace later than that of the Armada.

WHAT IS ART?

By D. S. MacColl

THAT question has often been answered to their own satisfaction by the artists, the critics, the philosophers; and as often asked again. In our time the artist Tolstoi took it for the title of a violently one-sided book. More lately a lively but muddle-headed critic, Mr. Clive Bell, was violently other-sided in a book more briefly but proudly called 'Art.' One saw only the contents of a work of art, the other only its form, and the fallacy of most solutions has been to reduce these two to one. During the last few years owing to translation and championship by my friend Mr. Douglas Ainslie, an Italian philosopher and critic of distinction, Benedetto Croce, has come before the English public, and if I may judge from stray references and reviews has been thought to have settled this puzzle of the centuries or at least made a long step to clearing it up. It would be madness, in my space, to tackle his

whole system, with its derangement and amplification, not, I think, illuminating, of the old categories of the true, the good and the beautiful, or even the section of it dealing with æsthetic. But here comes a popular lecture,* prepared for the inauguration of the Rice Institute, of Houston, Texas, in 1912, and the first of four chapters asks once more the question, "What is Art?" Let us see whether it is answered.

> I will say at once [he declares] that art is *vision* or *intuition*. The artist produces an image or a phantasm . . ." Intuition," "vision," "contemplation," "imagination," "fancy," "figurations," "representations," and so on are words continually recurring, with synonyms, when discoursing upon art, and they all lead the mind to the same conceptual sphere, which indicates general agreement.

Is it, then, a philosopher who is speaking, for this is no more than the most popular and partial of misdescriptions? "Art" is often vulgarly limited to the art of painting only, or to the graphic and plastic arts: but even in popular use "artist" (and what the Women's Pages think to be its feminine, "artiste") are more widely applied. We are in one room only of the house, a very fine one, no doubt, but there are many in the mansion. Imagination, and the arts that deal with images, by vision or by evocation, are only a part of the business. Music, which is not an art of vision, lies outside; dancing lies outside, architecture lies outside, an art partly of vision, but not of images, and a host of other arts, as we shall see presently. And the most wide-embracing of the arts, Poetry, though it deals with images by evoking them, is on its material side an art of sound, of music, dealing with words.

On its material side, notice. But our philosopher wants to rule out the material side from his definition of art. For he proceeds to buttress his "Intuition" by a consideration of all that it excludes. "It denies, above all, that art is a physical fact," for example certain determined colours and forms and sounds. No doubt: the verbal victory is an easy one; art is not these, but the work of art certainly is. The object of the painter in making a picture is, as Signor Croce rightly says, to reproduce his own imagination in the vision of another. This might conceivably be done by thought-transference, though even then some material means of nerve-traffic must be used; but the art of painting is the art of making pictures, of creating material dispositions that will fix the image and communicate it. Here then is a very simple fallacy. A second follows.

> Another negation is implied in the definition of art as intuition. . . *art cannot be a utilitarian act;* and since a utilitarian act aims always at obtaining a pleasure and therefore at keeping off a pain, art, considered in its own nature, has nothing to do with the *useful* and with *pleasure* and *pain*, as such.

If the definition requires this, so much the worse for the definition. Agreed that art is not an "act"; but it is concerned with all our acts, useful as well as useless things done in the world, and the useful is more often than not its entire aim. The philosopher, of course, is thinking all the time of the "fine" arts, and in his definition of one of them only: but one of the fine arts, architecture, is as much concerned with use as with beauty: painting and literature and music themselves may be applied arts, aiming at information or action: a poster, a leading article, a war-march are works of art. From the art of the statesman to that of the bootblack, from the art of the surgeon to the art of the plumber, life is constituted by art, and these myriad activities are resumed in the greatest and most neglected of them, the Art of Life. The Art of Life is precisely a calculation and organizing of pleasures and avoidance of pains, and the perpetual and silly quarrel in which utilitarianism tries to swallow morality, and morality utilitarianism, is a confusion of the two. Art is the ordering of pleasures of all degrees: we are all artists, and from the point of view of art morality is the limiting of our pleasures by what we owe to others, with consequent sacrifice. It may involve the sacrifice of Life itself, and the medievals very properly put upon the list of Arts that of Dying: even the Ars Moriendi must have its way and graces. To enjoy ourselves is the end of Art from cooking to contemplation; "to enjoy God," in the tremendous phrase of the Shorter Catechism, is to move at the height where Art, Morality and Religion are at one.

I anticipate the philosopher. "A third negation, affected by the theory of art as intuition, is that of art *as a moral act* . . . moral discrimination cannot be applied to art." Granted, once more, that art is not an act; but is there no art of theft, of poisoning, of murder; is there none of kindness, or of redemption? Art itself is morally indiscriminate; it can only be measured as more or less efficient: but that a work of art is not subject to moral discrimination is an impudent "æsthetic" superstition. The philosopher further rules out education (shades of Froebel and Montessori!) and "the strengthening of the national and bellicose spirit of a people, the diffusion of the ideals of a modest and laborious life and so on." As if a speech or a sermon were not a work of art! Why, Bradshaw is a work of art, though a poor one, as is a telegram, in its exercise of brevity and point. He rules out logic from the sphere of art: but the syllogism itself, like the demonstrations of Euclid, is an artistic device for expounding thought.

I must not pursue these fallacies further, nor the ambiguities of "Intuition." It is time for us to ask in our turn: What is Art? and instead of spinning from a philosophic consciousness, to consider humbly the wild usages of the word. "Art," we shall find, means simply *a way of doing or of making things*, from breathing and walking and swimming to writing an epic or composing a symphony. In a vast range of these activities *use* is the only or the main factor; in some of them use falls out and *delight* comes in: in these art is concerned, not with a means but with an end. But Art is itself neither Use nor Beauty, any more than it is Goodness or Truth. It is the ordering of doing and making for use and the ordering of expression for delight. It arrives at Beauty incidentally, by pursuing use in the arts of use, significance in the arts of emotion. Why then the perpetual association and confusion of Beauty with Art? For a very good reason. The best way, the most efficient way, of pursuing use in the doing or making of things is the rhythmical way: the best way, the most effective way of expressing emotion is the rhythmical way. The art of rowing and of boxing (as Mr. Agate has told us) is to perform those actions rhythmically, and the investigators of industrial fatigue have discovered by analysis of movements, that this is the secret of making, say chocolate boxes, with the least expenditure of time and fatigue. To speak with passion, to pray or to sing, is to intensify rhythm, and it is the rhythm in painted forms that recommends them to our feeling. Without that marriage to matter, O Signor, intuitions and images are only in the ante-chamber of art. Here, then, is where Beauty steps in, for Beauty is bound up with, if it is not co-extensive with, rhythm.

Note.—I learn, from a private communication of Mr. J. W. Simpson, that my criticism of his building at Westminster was in one respect unjust: the design, when complete, will include a second tower to balance the first, and the cutting off a second corner will produce a symmetrical figure, besides being involved in the plan of the interior.

A NEW BRITISH SYMPHONY

By E. A. Baughan

PROBABLY Dr. R. Vaughan Williams has a definite dislike of programme music. In the analytical notes on his 'Pastoral' symphony, performed for the first time by the Philharmonic Society last week, he rigidly refuses to give his audience any

*"The Essence of Æsthetic.' By Benedetto Croce. Translated by Douglas Ainslie. Heinemann. 5s. net.

clue to his meaning. "The mood of this symphony," he writes, "is, as its title suggests, almost entirely quiet and contemplative—there are few *fortissimos* and few *allegros*." And then he begins his thematic catalogue—for it is no more than a bald catalogue—with the statement that the symphony follows fairly closely the classical pattern, and is in "four movements." I sympathize with the composer's attitude of "take it or leave it." An artist should not be compelled to explain himself. Dr. Vaughan Williams has written a coherent symphony to which his audience may listen as pure music, built on laws of musical development evolved from music itself and requiring no literary explanation and pretending to no pictorial or poetic analogy. That is a very proper and sound attitude. "Make your own programme, my masters," he may be imagined as exclaiming, with, I fear, a somewhat superior gesture. Unfortunately by calling his work a 'Pastoral' symphony, he has given it a definite programme, and it is not the right programme. For "pastoral" in pictorial art, in poetry and in music, has a conventional and definite meaning—a sentimental, unrealistic representation of rustic life. Beethoven's birds' songs, rustic merry-making, thunderstorms and the rest of it, expressed the "pastoral" in music. The label would not matter were it not that the composer has something bigger to say than any conventional description of rustic life. You expect an ordinary "pastoral" and are given music inspired by the composer's thoughts and reflections on nature herself. At first that checks one's appreciation of this very sincere work of art.

Sincerity is its main note—sincerity that becomes almost austere in its concentration. Hardly a theme starts from its context. The composer's muse broods in a world of greys. He has been alone in his world and has set down his musical thoughts without any attempt to give them a fictitious interest. You may understand them or they may bore you. It is a matter of temperament and of sympathy. They did not bore me, but I was conscious of a want of emotional energy. The first two movements are too similar in tone. One longs for some special emphasis in the thematic treatment, although the short and characteristic themes would not easily lend themselves to such treatment. Indeed, they seem to have been chosen with the idea of fitting into the reflective quietude of the musical texture. But the mood is carried on so long that it becomes an obsession. The music is enigmatic in its intense egotism. The composer had not the artist's desire to make others share his thoughts and feelings. There is so little emotion—so little life, in fact—that the natural ebb and flow of music, its heart-beat, has stopped. Then suddenly a fanfare passage for the trumpet (we were asked to note the use of the true harmonic seventh, only possible on the natural trumpet) cleaves through the brooding atmosphere. It starts from its context as a tardy stirring of life: expressing, as it were, the energy of man freeing his spirit from the heavy impersonal mystery of nature. It is a call to action, and is the first sign of human nature in the music. But the composer does not employ that fanfare with any enthusiasm. His treatment seems to suggest that he resented the breaking of his austere, contemplative mood. There is no merry-making in the slow dance of the following movement. It is a dance of bucolic heaviness, even of bucolic brutishness. Dr. Vaughan Williams makes no pretence of conventional rustic merriment. His peasants are dull louts and disturb the subdued and austere serenity of nature, or rather the composer's own self-centred thoughts about nature. Then suddenly the mood of the symphony changes. All that had gone before had been intended, we see, to lead up to the last movement by way of contrast. A human voice, used as an instrument, starts the movement with an introductory passage (sung with astonishing precision by Miss Flora Mann), and the whole movement is full of emotion and beauty of musical thought. It is, if I may venture on a programme of my own, a song of man's triumph over nature. Possibly, in the composer's own mind, it merely expressed reaction from the heavy, brooding contemplation of the rest of the music, but that reaction is due to the energy of human thought, so that my programme may not be so very wrong in its essentials.

Why a composer should be afraid of stating his programme I do not know. Each of the four movements of the symphony might very well bear a motto or a title which would make the whole trend of the music clearer without in any way begging the question of the self-contained expression of absolute music. After all, the fact that a symphony "follows closely the classical pattern," as Dr. Vaughan Williams has told us his symphony does, does not preclude its being what is called "programme music." This 'Pastoral' symphony is unquestionably "programme music." Indeed, it suffers considerably from the composer's desire to express something outside music—if only his thoughts and reflections about nature. From a purely musical point of view, quite half the symphony is too neutral and dull in its harmonic and thematic treatment. From the point of view of a programme that neutrality of colour and that dulness of treatment are justified by the last movement, and, to some extent, by the third movement. That is how it struck me at a first hearing. The quiet, restrained, unemotional mood of the first two movements is too prolonged and monotonous. Even the fanfare does not break the mood sufficiently. Possibly, now the last movement is known, the rest of the symphony will have more significance when it is heard again, but this would have been obviated to some extent by a brief indication of the composer's meaning. Before leaving a consideration of this symphony it should be said that the very reticence of which I complain is to a certain degree one of its merits. It is refreshing to hear music that does not go beyond the reality of human emotion. In so much modern music emotionalism is exaggerated to the point of ranting. Only, no composer, whatever of profundity he wishes to express, should allow himself to be dull. That is a cardinal artistic sin. A second British work in the programme, Mr. Edgar L. Bainton's Concerto-fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra, emphasized an outstanding and rare quality in Dr. Vaughan Williams's symphony: the clear and strong individuality of his music. Whether you like it or not, the music is his own. Mr. Bainton's concerto makes no such pretence. It is ingenious, melodious, and inventive in its curious use of elaborate pianoforte cadenzas as a central feature, but it is emphatically the music of a clever composer, whose knowledge and memory of modern music are so intense that his individuality has not yet been able to free itself.

BEDLAM AND GRAND GUIGNOL

By James Agate

IF you were to compare the type of character portrayed in a normal melodrama and at the Grand Guignol, you would probably declare for the former as approximating more nearly to the life-like, the latter to the phantasmal. You would be wrong. In the new series at the Little Theatre the humanity is entirely credible; in the play at the Duke of York's it is strictly lunatic.

Or, perhaps, not strictly. For my dictionary gives: Lunatic, *n.*, a madman; a person of unsound mind; an insane person, *esp.* one who has lucid intervals. But none of the people in 'The Night Cap' has lucid intervals. Mad, without qualification, must be the bank-director who holds it immoral to rob his depositors and moral to recoup them at the expense of his insurance company. Imbecile the hero who marries his ward at midnight, before committing suicide, because she happens to have slept under his roof. Witless beyond redemption the young woman who, assured that "this is not to be an actual marriage," murmurs "Reely?"

and, burying her face in her lover's breast, is no more curious. Cretinous the financier who holds incitement to murder more honourable than bankruptcy. Faced with this endemic idiocy, I did not wonder at a little excitable old Jewish lady who, as the curtain fell on the first act, exclaimed: "Am I *meschügge,* or are these people?" Her difficulty was to understand a society in which the rational did not apply. In a world in which gravitation has ceased to act, people, one understands, walk the ceiling as conveniently as the floor. So, in this play, there is no groundwork of normality upon which to found the abnormal. Is it a question of murder or suicide, then is conscience plated with triple rhinoceros. Is it a question of female delicacy, then that conscience reels at a breath of thistledown. The play is dull, dull, dull as its reiterated pistol-shots. For to startle you must have some background of the expected, to amuse, some implication of the serious. There is a well-known music-hall "absurdity" at the end of which Mr. Ernie Lotinga shoots hero and heroine, villain, accomplice and police. Of this order is this play. In its peculiar idiom the audience are just "boobs." The authors are "stringing" them, and they are "falling for it." You might have taken it all for spoof had it not been for Mr. Loraine, non-committal, humourless, four-square as a policeman on point-duty. He arranged his fraud, marriage, affairs and quietus in level grating monotone, with the occasional perfunctory pause before a word which, in the Adelphi scale, indicates emotion. It was as though the actor, not knowing what to make of the play, had wilfully abrogated his intelligence. Like a billiard-player playing for safety, Mr. Loraine left every sentence which might convey meaning under the cushion. Mr. Spencer Trevor, as the director-dervish executing a dance of comic perturbation around and upon the body of his dead colleague, clowned it very cleverly. But it was the play which roused my little old lady to a final expostulation: "What a wonderful people are the English! Nothing do they throw. No benches do they break. *Das Theater steht noch da!*"

The chief interest of the plays at the Little Theatre lies in the opposition of abnormal circumstance and normal humanity. Go raking in an ant-heap and the little creatures, though perturbed, will retain their ant-like senses in the face of obtrusion. The essence of Grand Guignolism is that however inexplicable, however ghostly the interference, man shall retain his dignity. Sane he shuns the asylum, in health the charnel-house. The characters in 'The Night Cap' are the familiars of both. It is abnormal for a good woman to destroy a man out of compassion, for a toy-soldier to give his wooden life, for a regiment to be inoculated with rabies. Yet you never felt that you were not in contact with real people. Credit for this must be given in large measure to the extraordinary finish of the actors. From the little news-vendor who whips out his paper as though he were born to the kerb—palm uppermost and sheet curtaining the fingers—to Mr. Bealby's eternal barman—a figure of love and gusto, this, after the heart of Lamb—from the child in the cot to Miss Thorndike's uttermost transmogrification, there was not an accent or a gesture which was not related to humanity. Perhaps this was least true of the first piece. I was unfortunately placed so as to suffer an extraordinary tide of late-comers. About every seventh wave I caught a glimpse of Mr. Bealby in a sea of troubles, baffled by cliffs too beetling to be practicable. High and dry, Miss Thorndike could be heard flintily interjecting: "Oh Bob!" Unpossessed of anything in the nature of a life-line, she preferred to fend him off with a long pole, finally keeping the wretch under till he was drowned. The part is hardly worthy of Miss Thorndike and it would be gracious and politic of her to leave it to some beginner. Politic because it would do away with one of her sets of crying. Her extraordinary whimper, like that of a small horse, is at once unconventional and effective, but twice in one evening is enough. Her last five minutes in 'Changing Guard'—a fantasy by Mr. Nott-Bower, are exquisite. I am sorry that Miss Thorndike must, in another piece, play the East End drab. She wrongs her art, being majestical, to offer it this particular violence. The only excuse is that she does it so well and that it is such a good play. But I will not acclaim this tragic actress as a light comédienne. In comedy she has certain provincialisms which, dwarfed out of existence in the grand manner, reassert themselves in the lighter.

With the company's fidelity to one side of truth goes a curious indifference to that other facet which is beauty. Mr. Levy has not recruited a single fine voice. Mr. Bealby has an organ of immense power, but it is as though some forest-giant were being sawn into a thousand coffin-planks. Mr. Russell Thorndike's lugubrious snarl—the accents of George Formby turned First Witch—weary a little and are not always suitable. This raven croaks itself hoarse upon too many battlements. Any art which dabbles in the unbeautiful must have exquisite compensation, and that is why Beardsley for his most revolting curves used his most entrancing line. On the stage delicate modulation brings increase of horror. French actors know this and transform the croaking sinister into some unearthly carillon. The company at the Little Theatre is good enough to make us desire such music. Both Mr. Bealby and Mr. Thorndike were excellent in the play about hydrophobia. So was Mr. George Owen. So was Mr. Casson. So was everybody. The play arouses some nice questions about the function of horror as distinct from terror. If it be permissible to exhibit one victim in the throes, must we boggle at fifteen hundred? Would five hundred be reasonable? Or fifty a lawful compromise? Mr. Stanley Logan's 'De Mortuis,' in which a funeral party discusses, over refreshment, the murder of a souteneur, is like a plate from Hogarth. It makes no concessions to sentiment. A poor girl, in accepting an honest mate, had no further earnings to give the bully who was her brother. He, taunting the lover, was struck down. The gin-sodden mother who should, by all the canons of squeamishness, admit forgiveness to her obsequious riot, strips every rag from her shameful daughter. All this is debated, interminably. Behind the bar, aloof, detached, indifferent to human rabble as was ever Hogarthian monkey, yet presidential by virtue of his office, looms the immortal host. Manipulated by Mr. Bealby, the handles of the beer-engine are primal as original boughs. Conning unmoved philosophies beneath his blond and plastered thatch, the sage creature dispenses not poppy, not mandragora, but the tots which bring forgetfulness to his brethren who walk erect.

Correspondence

FADS

(From Our French Correspondent)

If you look up the name of M. Briand in the Directory of the French Chamber, you will be astonished not to find it in its natural place, under B. Nor will you find in the same column the name of the brilliant, well-dressed, well-housed, ultra-civilized socialist, M. Boncour. You would not have found either the name of that facetious person M. Quenin under Q in the Directory of the last Chamber, and there are thirty or forty other deputies whose surnames are not to be discovered where you expect them to be. M. Briand is under A as Aristide-Briand (carefully hyphenated); M. Boncour under P, as Paul-Boncour, and M. Quenin under S, as Sixte-Quenin, which somehow looks like the name of a Pope and not that of a communist with an unexpected taste for buffoonery.

You may be less surprised to find, when you look at the bookstalls, that the grandson of the historian

Augustin Thierry does not call himself Gilbert Thierry, but Gilbert Augustin-Thierry, and that the books of the late President Faure's daughter are signed Lucie Felix-Faure Goyan. But your surprise may revive if you see a Bishop's charge signed with both his *pre-nolo episcopari* name and surname instead of the quaint † and Jean or Antoine corresponding to the even quainter Cantuar or Ebor to which the English are accustomed. French people visibly tend to fatten their names. Not a few have adopted the detestable American habit of forcing a middle name on one's memory: they restrict themselves so far to an initial, but the threat is visible. I once met an English lady who insisted on speaking of George Eliot as " Mrs. Lewes, or I should say, Mrs. Cross "; every time one said it I heard a mysterious voice mumbling in my ear: " Currer Bell, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Nicholls," and I was afraid of bursting under the strain. Now when I read the circulars of M. Louis P. Dupont I see William D. Shakespeare dancing before my mind's eye and oh! how grateful I am that he was only Mr. William Shakespeare! The acme of elegance at the stage we have reached so far is to be fortunate enough to have been christened as Georges, but shorten the name as Géo, hyphenated with the uninteresting surname. Foreign names always look smart. I remember my childish admiration for the first Edith to whom I was introduced, but we have Ediths by the hundred now, and Jennys too. And even Daisys, and M. Géo-Gerald and M. Géo-London may live long enough to realize that, as I informed them publicly once or twice, their names seem about as distinguished as if they signed themselves Totor or Nénesse. Alas! a coal-retailer, a *bougna,* is already one of these Géos, and his cart passes my house every day. Thus endeth the fashion of signing one's self Lebrun or Durand with never even an initial, because Rohans and Montmorencys did so. The last person who did it was the most popular *préfet de police* we had in many years: I shall bequeath his card—an immense desert of white with a forlorn little Lépine in the middle—to the Musée Carnavalet.

Anglomania still holds its own, in spite of passing clouds, and I am sorry to say I struggle against it with small results. Of course nobody would dare to walk into the office of such an awe-inspiring personage as the manager of the Hotel Majestic and tell him that no English person with a sense of proportion would like to admit that he was staying at his Hotel Majestueux, unless it was to negotiate a peace treaty with a future of at least three years before it. But I have expostulated with my neighbours, the good-natured owners of the Unic and the Aviatic, and have explained that they might stand a better chance of attracting English " commercials " of the highest class if they would call themselves *Hotel du Vin Rosé* or *Auberge de la Reine Argyre.* But they looked knowing, and one in his Alsatian accent, the other in voluble Southernese explained to me that their unique English was not contemplated to atract English people but enterprising Normands or Bretons detraining at Gare Montparnasse. " Everybody does it," added the gentleman from Schlestadt—he always says Sélestat, of course—pointing to the awning of the hairdresser over the way flapping to the wind the perplexing inscription: " Permanent Englisch warring," which no doubt refers to some hair-waving process. Yes, everybody does it. The next house, scorning to be called Le Bon Marché, calls itself Cheap House, and I doubt if, apart from old curiosity shops, there are four French signs along the whole length of the rue de Rennes. One curiosity shop not very far west, taking an immense leap forward, already looks hideously self-satisfied with its sign " Ye Olde Pewter Plate." I wonder whether the very recent and still timid habit of calling Sorbonne professors Professeur So and So is of English or German origin? Let us all be brothers of course. What's in a name when all the world is to be happy in a universal embrace? But I cannot easily imagine M. le Professeur Villemain or M. le Professeur Sainte-Beuve and I do not like to think of a dear friend of mine as Professeur Legouis. Professors of medicine have a full right to the title, of course, and so have professors of billiards, but I fancy it is on account of extra fees. Frenchmen of distinction look at their best as M. Ingres, without even the leanest initial, or as Jules Lemaître, just as they entered the world or were entered at school.

American imitation is spreading pretty rapidly. I noticed at the Hotel Continental the other day an ominous Shoes Shined, which may be the thin edge of the wedge in the boot-blacking system so far in use. Heaven forbid! Oh! the melancholy of traipsing in mangy-looking boots down Sixth or Charles or Pine, and oh! the habit of mentally reducing to francs when the African to whom you offer ten cents softly says: " Fifteen, sah; Sunday, to-day." Near by I also saw the American barber's red ribbon coiled round—or around—its huge white stick. A bad sign! A good deal of money will be wasted behind that stick, and what will stalwart Texans not say of French effiminacy when they see Parisians going through the beautifying processes which delight the San Franciscan as well as the New Yorker?

Chewing-gum, however, is no longer on the ascendant. The pretty Americans who fill the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy have made it clear to every young marquis who was in liaison with the American army, that chewing gum provides the one clue to class distinction in the United States, and the hint has been overheard by *midinettes,* who got rid of the stuff with horror. The same phenomenon would be seen in America as well if the idea could penetrate the brain of the man who shines you that he is not as good as you. But then America would no longer be what it is, and I would rather keep it as it is.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor of the Saturday Review *welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression. Letters which are of reasonable brevity and are signed with the writer's name are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.*

THE REVIVAL OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY

To the Editor of the Saturday Review

SIR,—The complexities of the political situation may make undesirable, or even impossible, an early withdrawal of the Conservative party from the Coalition. That is a question on which the party is decidedly divided, but there can be no two opinions concerning the necessity of putting the Conservative house in order, nor can there be any valid reason why reorganization should be delayed. It is almost unanimously agreed that the present House of Commons is the most undistinguished and inept body that has ever had control of our destinies. The results of its incompetence are too obvious to need indication, and the effect of the disgraceful subordination of national to personal interest has ended, as you have shown, in twenty-five per cent. of the members being under obligation to the Premier in consequence of "honours" bestowed, or "jobs" given.

The remedy is for the rank and file of the party to see that the local associations are freed of " dead wood," and that only men of courage and principle are adopted as candidates. An instance of the state of affairs in one constituency may be of interest. A candidate was required for what is regarded as a tolerably safe seat, and a number of possible men were named. A committee, by some undisclosed method, reduced the number to four—all relatively wealthy men. When these were interviewed, the vital question, which I am told was put to them, was not " What are your views?" but " What are your means?" It was subsequently stated that the local association had no funds and could not employ an agent, and that a wealthy candidate was

essential in order to restore the machinery of organization!

If this is the state of affairs prevailing elsewhere, and I have heard reports showing that it is not uncommon, how can the party expect to be represented by a worthy type of member? With wealth, any man can command a seat in Parliament as a Conservative, and Mr. Hard-face and Mr. Facing-both-ways will continue to bring Parliament into disrepute. There is no chance for the young man, unless he has been born to wealth. Without youth there can be no vision, and without vision the people perish.

Yours etc.,

H. A. Taylor

Doone Cottage, Weybridge.

To the Editor of the Saturday Review

SIR,—We are being enveloped in gas attacks, but as we have lived on gas since the Armistice, we are heedless and feel no effect. Lung-power in statesmen always was a wasting asset; political oratory has lately become a discredited art. The public has been surfeited with illuminated lies, uttered with all the secreted mellifluous malevolence behind political personal ascendancy. But a change is demanded. No more beautiful mountain-top, man-on-the-bridge, down in the valley, sun-rising visions; something real is asked to happen. The head conjuror has been given a new axe as an inducement to do some chopping, but he declines to use the instrument on big nails in growing timber. Then the high explosive of public necessity must be brought to bear; and it is about time. Talking meetings, and golfing conferences, with two millions of unemployed in our streets! A new Nero, playing near a bigger fire.

The Conservative element in English political life can vote in the largest party to Parliament. If there is not a man who can and will marshal and use this force, then meet, select, elect and support a man who will undertake the self-determination of England to be restored to her integrity, and who will replace our workers in comfort, and who will make ends meet, and use our possessions in a spirit demanded by their importance, and in accordance with the awards that sacrifices have entitled.

Yours etc.,

W. W. Straffcrd

Parkbrooke, Hampton-on-Thames.

To the Editor of the Saturday Review

SIR,—The letetr of Mr. A. G. Sparrow on 'Coalition, a living Principle' in your issue of January 21st is amazing. The word Coalition itself means that principles have been discarded for a time by opposing parties in order to carry out some purpose which neither side enthuses over. While the late war was proceeding there was good reason for forming a Coalition Government, but so soon as that war was brought to a successful conclusion all justification for its continuance automatically ceased. It is because the present Coalition Government has no principle that it is so hated in the country, and that is why the need for the revival of a real Conservative Party is so urgent. If there were no other reason for the abolition of the present Coalition than that adduced above, what took place at the recent Conference of Coalition Liberals at Westminster and the speech of Mr. Lloyd George at that conference are sufficient and damning evidence for its sentence. The fact is that most of those who have been supporters of the Coalition since the election of 1918 look upon it as a god to be worshipped, and condemn those who refuse to bow the knee at its altar, as insane and unpatriotic. The Coalition and all its works are not only hated, but stink in the nostrils of all sane-thinking people.

Yours etc.,

Wallington. E. James

YACHTING REMINISCENCES

To the Editor of the Saturday Review

SIR,—It was a real pleasure to read the very just review of my book 'Cruising Sails and Yachting Tales' you were good enough to publish in your last week's issue. All the more so that in the early nineties you reviewed my last volume of 'Sailing Tours,' even more sympathetically and with quite as much discrimination.

I notice you take exception to the lack of technical detail as to how I set sail, and other intricacies of navigation in shoal water, advising me to study McMullen's minute explanations of his difficulties. Now apart from my great dislike of appearing to "pose," I have always regarded those parts of my early contemporary's accounts of his single-handed cruises as the least satisfactory part of his classic work. He is always so intensely conscious of the feats he is performing. His big seas, the weights he is handling, the dangers and wonders he is experiencing, all wearied me.

I therefore purposely omitted minute detail. Besides, I wrote the book for general readers—by no means for yachting men. It is likely I have fallen between two stools. Yet I hoped with 'Lavengro' and 'An Inland Voyage' lingering in my memory, that I too might contribute something that should appeal to those who hold these masterpieces in the greatest admiration.

You ask me to tell how I did what I did. Could I be more explicit than when I enter into minutest detail how first I tried to set sail on *Lady Harvey* in the Colne in 1892? Or how I practised off Atthorne in the Crouch? Or how I managed to clear out under most trying conditions from the Landerneau River off le Passage de St. Jean, when some French yachting men cheered me? Or how I groped my way into the Scillies and up to the anchorage off New Grimsby over the reefs that uncover between Samson and Tresco?

I can no more explain my immunity from shipwreck when first threading the Raysand Channel into the Crouch on the very first voyage I ever took on the East Coast or among sand banks, or how I managed to look up in time to avert destruction off Guthen Bras or the Gilstone, than I could satisfy the coastguard who declared I must haev been to the Scillies before, or the Benodet Pilot when he discovered *Lady Harvey* at dawn anchored off Courbrit Point, and was amazed at my escape from all the dangers of the Glenan and Penpet Archipelagos—above all the Basse Jaune, which especially staggered him.

Such luck is inexplicable, as are crowds of other details in my life. All I can say is that, as it is with poets, so with others in many a different walk of life. "Stultus immunis nascitur non fit," or "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." One word more: I thoroughly enjoyed your trenchant wit. True—Lenin, Trotsky, Ramsay Macdonald, were not then household words—but coming events cast their shadows before them and retrospection has localized names that were then but materalizing possibilities.

Hoping you will excuse the length of this.

Yours etc.,

Frank Cowper

Ketch Yacht Ailsa, R.F.Y.C., Hamble, Hants.

THE CITY CHURCHES

To the Editor of the Saturday Review

SIR,—"Civic Pride," in his letter in the issue of the Saturday Review dated January 21st, says, "I wish to call attention to the peril in which some of our chief national treasures are constantly involved, viz., Sir Christopher Wren's churches in the very centre of our capital."

I would rather call attention to the wretched state in which a great number of poor clergymen, with their wives and families, are constantly involved, many of them scarcely having sufficient food to eat. When they ask for bread, "Civic Pride" would offer them precious stones. After all, what are churches and clergymen

for if not to minister to the wants of their congregations? Many of the City churches have practically no congregations, and the clergy, where there are congregations, are often in such a sorry plight that they cannot be in a fit state of health or mind to minister to their flocks. It must be a great comfort to a starving clergyman to behold "parochial apartments, priceless records of domestic life in the seventeenth century." It is not a question of robbing Peter to pay Paul; Peter has more than he needs and can easily spare a little for Paul. One might as well speak about robbing a cow to give its milk to a child.

I have in mind two City churches, within a stone's throw of each other; the congregations in both are of the smallest; one of them could easily accommodate the two congregations, the other, or rather the site of the other, could be sold for, I believe, £500,000, which sum, invested in trustee securities, would give a yearly income of £30,000, or £200 extra to 150 poor clergymen. The "glorious carvings and historic memorials" can be placed in other City churches near by, for no one proposes to do away with them all.

In my opinion there is a good deal of over-sentimentalism being preached about the City churches; they are not all beautiful. It would be a sin to do away with such a church, for instance, as St. Michael's, Cornhill, but there are others that can well be spared, and ought to be removed when one considers the use that could be made of the money they would produce. It must be a great wrench to an owner of a Sir Joshua or a Gainsborough to have to sell it to an American, but he does it, presumably, because he cannot afford to keep it and he can make better use of the money he gets for it.

Yours etc.,

COMMON SENSE

GOLDSMITH AT LEYDEN

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In reviewing the 'Legacy of Greece' and my own little essay therein, you remark that I have not verified the passage I have read so often in the 'Vicar of Wakefield. "The Greekless University which rejected the wandering scholar was Louvain, not Leyden." This galling imputation goads me to reply! You surely have not forgotten that the philosophic vagabond made in the 'Vicar of Wakefield' "such variations as suited a work of imagination." Thus the author "lands his heir at Amsterdam instead of Rotterdam; takes him to Louvain to teach the professors Greek; says nothing of Leyden, or of Switzerland," and so forth. Now, after weighing all the available evidence and the probabilities of the case, not forgetting Goldsmith's letters to his uncle Contarine about the lazy Leyden professors ("the chemical professor always excepted"), I came to the conclusion that Louvain was substituted for Leyden in the 'Vicar' as an evasion of the direct and personal attack, and as a "variation which suited a work of imagination."

Yours etc.,

The Athenæum. D'ARCY W. THOMPSON

FRENCH JOURNALISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—If Mr. Langleys wishes to see a good example of French journalistic "candour" with regard to this country, he may refer himself to *Le Matin* for January 30th.

In the leading article on the front page he will find Britain accused, in no mincing terms, of holding deliberate intent to bring about a quarrel between France and the United States, for the purpose of isolating the former and bringing her to her knees.

He will find a telegram from Washington which appeared in the *Morning Post* recently, referred to as a lie instigated by the British Ambassador. Other telegrams from Washington are described flatly as lies belonging to the English campaign against France. The article closes by the declaration "nous garderons notre indépendance et nous ne périrons pas." Were the matter not so serious, one could only treat as a foolish joke such a far-fetched imputation that England wishes to tamper with the independence of France.

Yours etc.,

A. J. R. FRASER TAYLOR

57, *Effingham Road, St. Andrews, Bristol.*

MR. MACCOLL ON GOLF

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.* Not even Mr. MacColl, who, in an otherwise admirable piece of writing, commits the critical blunder of praising one good thing at the expense of another. What sort of a logician is this gifted writer that he should detect an antithetical see-saw between golf and drawing? I can assure him that the countenances of those who hit balls into and out of bunkers are no more "lack-lustre" than those of picture-gazers repairing to the Wallace Collection in search of headaches. Hoylake is, in its way, every whit as admirable as Manchester Square. Mr. MacColl has fallen into an old pitfall. Would he declare the peasants of Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith good because those of Mr. Hardy are notoriously bad, or sneer at 'The Marriage of Figaro' because he has taken a fancy to 'Der Rosenkavalier'? Comparison in this article is Mr. MacColl's bane. How would he like me to compare a Flaubert revelling in the justness of a word and the ripple of a sentence with a Tiepolo, agonizing over the joints and relations of limbs which will not cock themselves befittingly upon a cloud?

But the whole of Mr. MacColl's otherwise beautiful article, and, indeed, all his work, gives the lie with entire adequacy to Mr. Orage's statement, quoted in your review, that criticism is not a fine art. "The conversational tone is its proper medium," says that essayist, "and it should be an absolute rule never to write in criticism what cannot be imagined as being easily said." Mr. MacColl, beginning a friendly chat with what Euripides spouted about the sea, might conceivably bore one. Whereas the quotation is only another jewel in a gem-studded article. I live in a world without pictures, all my enthusiasm running to the kinema and golf. Yet the week between Mr. MacColl's uterances is to me unconscionably long. Surely any critic who can stir one profoundly with comments upon an art in which one has no interest must himself be a great artist? I can think of no better definition of the word. Mr. Orage's essays have always filled me with admiration, and I can only think that he is perhaps entitled to write occasional nonsense.

Yours etc.,

"NIBLICK."

THE POLYPHEMUS OF LITERATURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In a review of 'A Dictionary of English Phrases' you ask, "Who called Dr. Samuel Johnson 'The Polyphemus of Literature?'" and add, "It was not a very felicitous phrase." The description occurs in the 'Memoirs' of Letitia Hawkins, which contain some lively things. A tailor brought some patterns to her brother, and pointed out a purple which no one else wore as the Doctor's usual choice. "We all shouted with astonishment, at hearing that Polypheme, as, shame to say, we had nicknamed him, ever had a new coat; but the tailor assured us he was a good customer."

Brown, rather than purple, is generally associated with Johnson, but he wore a scarlet waistcoat at the performance of 'Irene'; so he was not indifferent to bright clothes. To call Johnson a "Polypheme" just because he was a giant would be dull. But surely the nickname suggested also that he had only one eye of any use and carried a big stick.

Yours etc.,

VERNON RENDALL

Reviews

IN DARKEST SOUTH AMERICA

Working North from Patagonia. By Harry A. Franck. Fisher Unwin. 25s. net.

MR. FRANCK is an industrious American writer who loves to wander about the world in inexpensive ways and with such deliberation as may give him abundant opportunities of sharing the normal life of the countries which he visits. This, it appears, is at least his seventh book of travel, and although it is the first that the present reviewer has read, he can with confidence affirm that as an observer, narrator, describer and commentator Mr. Franck has all the hurried literary globe-trotters, as he might say, beat. We have no great love for North American idiom except as a medium for humour: it requires an effort, for instance, to accept, even provisionally, "swift" as synonymous with steep; the gaps left by an American University education sometimes startle one a little, and the English reader may be forgiven for feeling put off by finding in a book published in London, whose title page bears no indication that it is not an English book, a constant assumption that he is an American citizen. Even an American, we take it, might reasonably grumble at being asked to work his way with a paper-knife through 650 pages, open indeed at the top and sides but, most irritatingly, left uncut at the bottom; whilst the absence of an index in a book of this character, size and price is an inexplicable and lamentable deficiency. It is a genuine tribute to the intrinsic interest and excellence of Mr. Franck's work that in spite of all these handicaps we have followed him through his adventures in Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, Brazil, the Guianas and Venezuela with unflagging enjoyment, and parted with him at La Guayra with the regret that one feels on losing a shrewd, modest and entertaining companion.

This book begins in Buenos Ayres where, after two years' travel in the Andes, the author found temporary employment in the office of the United States Consul-General. By far the largest and most luxurious city south of the equator, Buenos Ayres is still growing at such mushroom pace that all descriptions of it are soon out of date. But it is not growing haphazard. The height of its buildings is not allowed to exceed one-and-one-third the width of the street that they face, and every year the new building which is judged the greatest addition to the city's beauty is awarded a bronze façade-plate and is exempted from taxes for ten years. The Argentine as a whole is a white man's country with a smaller percentage of African population than the United States or even Canada, and this has been its salvation. "Economic opportunity," says Mr. Franck, "has here given birth to new hope and brought with it the energy and productiveness that constitute a great people. . . The Latin is coming into his own again." From Buenos Ayres to Mendoza (where the police are allowed to impose and collect fines directly, with the result that it is not safe to be out of doors after dark towards the end of the month, when they are apt to be penniless), and across the Andes into Chile is a journey into a completely different social atmosphere. The population of Chile has been categorized as consisting of *futres* (street-corner loafers), *bomberos* (volunteer firemen) and *rotos* (the ragged working-class). The country is the home of fires and the dread of insurance companies, notwithstanding that the law requires the immediate arrest of the owner and occupier of any burning building, the presumption being that either one or the other wilfully fired it. Santiago, Valparaiso, Concepçion, Talcahuano, Temuco, and Valdivia afforded varied opportunities for studying this curiously constituted society, after which the author returned to the eastern side of the continent and began his long journey through Uruguay, along the Brazilian coast to Para, and thence up the Amazon and its tributary the Branco to the hinterland of British Guiana. His adventures in Brazil as advance-agent and business manager of a cinema make in themselves an extraordinary interesting and novel kind of story, but, successful as they were, they were only an incident and an aid to his main purpose of getting to know new places and people. Brought thus into contact with the Custom-house at Rio Mr. Franck discovered that the Brazilians have no word for bribery: they use the expression *comer* (to eat).

> A merchant who has been forced to pay full legal duty on a bill of goods asks his *despachante* anxiously, referring to the strict new customs official, "*Elle já come?*" To which, perhaps, comes the sad answer, "*Nao, ainda nao come*" (he doesn't eat—yet). A few weeks later the merchant sends the honest man a few bottles of perfumery or some equally welcome present. If he sends them back he is not yet "ripe." But at length word goes round "*Já come*" (now he eats), and the merchants whose goods pass through his hands heave a sigh of relief.

The general impression of the urban population of Brazil given by Mr. Franck is, in truth, far from pleasing. The admixture of Portuguese and African negro blood seems to be almost universal and has produced a race adapted, perhaps, to the climate, but conspicuously lacking in energy and moral fibre. The gratification of the grosser senses, and particularly the business of sex, is the only occùpation pursued with diligence, and as mothers of twelve and thirteen years old are quite common, and restraints—moral, racial or economic—practically non-existent, the results may be imagined. Probably more black frock-coats and top-hats are worn in this tropical land than in all the rest of the world, and a large proportion of the citizens of the mulatto Republic is apparently engaged, at the direct expense of the State (or of its creditors), in dodging any kind of real honest work. In consequence this immense country—larger than the United States of America and of vast natural wealth—is in a condition of chronic poverty. Argentina and Uruguay have largely escaped the negro contagion to which Brazil, Venezuela and even French Guiana have succumbed. British and Dutch Guiana alone have successfully resisted it—partly because, as colonies, they are governed by Europeans and not by natives, and partly because the English and Dutch draw the colour-line far more strictly than any of the Latin races.

Our space does not permit of more than a bare mention of the author's voyages up the Amazon and Branco and down the Essequibo and Demerara rivers—a kind of travel particularly interesting and adventurous, nor of many other excellent chapters of description—all generously illustrated by his own camera. It must suffice to say that he has faithfully recorded the details, the trifles and the fleeting impressions that together make up a verisimilitude of actual experience. He has that sympathetic appreciation of the little things that one wants to be told about which make the intimate family letters of leisured Victorian ladies so wonderfully good to read.

POETRY AND ATMOSPHERE

The Veil and other Poems. By Walter de la Mare. Constable. 6s. net.

In Time Like Glass. By W. J. Turner. Sidgwick. 5s. net.

Behind the Eyes. By Edgell Rickword. Sidgwick. 3s. 6d. net.

THERE is no true poet who does not create for himself a distinctive atmosphere, a condition of the spirit in which he bathes all his conceptions and utterance. No poet is great enough to be unparticular in his expression or uncharacteristic in his mood. Shakespeare remains kingly and himself when his concern is with clods of earth, Robert Montgomery remains a frock-coated grotesque even when he climbs astraddle of the constellations.

The three poets before us might be taken to represent the three generations (we use the word in no genealogical sense) of contemporary English poetry. Mr. de la Mare has attained the fulness of his song; he is confirmed in his virtues, and if he have weaknesses he will not now redeem them. Mr. Turner has created an idiom and discovered his own strange land; yet it is not too late—if he desire it—to achieve a new language and to set sail towards other shores. Mr. Rickword cannot long ago have emerged from the phantasmagoria of emotion which is the youth of a poet. He has bowed the knee before one altar and another altar, native and alien. His first collection shows him doing obeisance to certain living cults; but it as certainly displays him devising a ritual all his own. Here then, in their varying degrees, are three poets who have attained or are attaining their own inseparable atmospheres. Our poetry is the richer for them.

Every poem of Mr. de la Mare is so fine a fusion of sounds and meanings, a free wild melody is so cunningly built up from a sequence of epithets each as mathematically just as the elements of a chemical formula, that the secrets of his art recede further and further from solution. There is no difficulty, and much idle pleasure, in resolving his technical expedients—the inversion of verb and its auxiliary, predicate and its subject . . . "Plume will his wing in the dappling light," "Burns the Sun in the skies." Or in his metrics, to recognize his sudden blocking up of a sonorous dactylic stream with the crude boulders of spondee:

> Out into glooming and secret haunts
> The flame cries "Come!"

Yet it is no more satisfying than the endeavour to identify the separate brush-strokes which have composed the canvas of a master. Mr. de la Mare's earlier poetry lent itself more readily to this occupation. It was a twilit poetry, a music in a minor key. He has now caught vaster sensations in the nets of his verse. Nowhere before have the indifference of the busy profitless seas, the huge hulk of their chilly tides, been so penetratingly rendered:

> With myriad spume-bows roaring ocean swills
> The cold profuse abundance of the rain.

His verse journeys now to those remotest hostelries, 'The Rising Sun,' 'The World's End,' whence the guest knows no returning to the comfortable inns of the valleys. He asks, in the poem called 'A Sign,' how he shall know the end of things is coming? And the whole air shakes its wings, the skies are dark with the dust which has been lifted under the hurrying feet of ghosts gathering from every meadow in the world, from every mountain fastness:

> The drummers will be drumming; the fiddlers at their thrumming;
> Nuns at their beads; the mummers at their mumming;
> Heaven's solemn Seraph stoopt weary o'er his summing;
> The palsied fingers plucking, the way-worn feet numbing—
> And the end of things coming.

Mr. W. J. Turner is led by the dreamy pipes of his own playing to those fantastic countries where Mr. de la Mare bids us not venture. "Humble the trembling knee," cries the older poet, "confess thy pride; be weary!" But Mr. Turner twitches his mantle blue and sets forth; who would not follow him into a place so far removed from the stridencies of our own day? Those higher hills than Popocatapetl and more mysterious regions than Chimborazo which await a poet no farther than "behind the eyes," he is only now discovering. Mr. de la Mare discovered them long ago. He has brought back a token:

> I have plucked a flower in proof,
> Frail in earthly light, forsooth:
> See, invisible it lies
> In this palm: now veil thine eyes:
> Quaff its fragrancies.

The defect of Mr. Turner's poetry is that it is still too opiate in its movement and perfumes. As Swinburne often deafens his reader to some real and important meaning by the crash of his cymbals, Mr. Turner lulls and caresses the ear, until it is only with an effort that the mind peers beyond the mist to the dignity of his landscape and the intellectual value of his images.

There is no such danger with Mr. Rickword. He is not likely to grow vague behind his own atmosphere, so alert are his senses, his mind so keenly, like a hound on a clean morning, scents the air. It is rather the very refinement of his sensitiveness of which he must beware. His too prompt reaction, for instance, to the poetry of Wilfrid Owen ('Outline of History,') illustrates the peril. But he has more successfully absorbed the quality of Donne and the metaphysicians. The only other young poet of our generation whose veins run with that fine blood is Mr. Wade-Gery, to whom Herrick however is spiritual sponsor rather than Donne. In the deliberate pomposity of some of Mr. Rickword's titles, he seems to be fooling Wordsworth in a sly neo-Georgian manner; his titles include a 'Regret for the Depopulation of Rural Districts' and a 'Complaint of a Tadpole confined in a Jam-Jar.' But above all Mr. Rickword brings Mr. D. H. Lawrence into our mind, although he is less a panegyrist than an analyst of the flesh. Where Mr. Lawrence is tumultuous, Mr. Rickword is inquisitive, yet both poets are avid of the world, both are defiant in the teeth of shibboleth, and the younger, no less than the older poet, crystallizes frequently into an audacious and permanent beauty.

ILLUSTRATION AND PEN DRAWING

The Art of Illustration. By E. J. Sullivan. Chapman and Hall. 25s. net.

Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen. By Joseph Pennell. Fisher Unwin. Seven guineas net.

MR. SULLIVAN has been known since the early nineties as an ingenious and accomplished draughtsman, at first as a chronicler of events on the *Daily Graphic*, afterwards as an illustrator of books, notably the 'Sartor Resartus' of Carlyle. He has also been a teacher, but this is the first considerable piece of writing he has published. It proves him to be as effective with the pen in this new art as in the other, and what is more, to possess an acute mind and an unusually balanced judgment. The book reads like an accumulation of thoughts provoked by various events and discussions during the period of his activity rather than a treatise planned out as a whole; but it is little the worse for that. He realises himself that the bearings of the word "illustration" grew upon him as he wrote, and the introductory part, in which he discusses those bearings, suggests a wider scope than the rest of the text and its illustrations fill. These deal with the art of pen drawing and exemplify its reproduction, and the examples, old and new, are chosen from a wide field. Dürer and Holbein are here as well as Blake and Rossetti, Keene and Phil May, and Gustave Doré, who had become somewhat of a pariah because of his paintings, is allowed to come back again. One of the predominant figures among the moderns is Boyd Houghton, and Mr. Sullivan's appreciation of his draughtsman's gift renders him a little fondly blind to variations in purity of his style. 'The Ladies' Window' is better work in its simplicity than the elaborate scratching and hatching of 'The Saints' Story' or the 'Job's Comforters' of the frontispiece. The book is well designed apart from its binding, which belongs to a series, and the blocks, printed a shade too heavily, are nicely fitted to the text and printed with it on a paper that is not shiny or flimsy.

Mr. Pennell's book is an amplified re-issue of a book that has long been in the hands of his fellow craftsmen. He has filled up some gaps among the illustrators and added to his text, but he has not weeded his original selection of draughtsmen, good, bad and indifferent,

nor chastened the manner of his comments. He has always been notable for learning and interest in the technique of pen drawing and reproduction rather than for critical discrimination; and his elementary trouble with conjunctions follows upon the confused character of his thought. He is still, as we knew him, at his best moments generous and enthusiastic, at others peevish, arrogant and absurd. And those defects appear to be growing with age. Dissatisfied as he was with his exile in so inartistic a region as England, now that he is back in God's own country he is wrought to fury, not unnaturally, if irrelevantly, by its prohibition of drink, and also by the dying out of the editors who encouraged and produced the work of competent draughtsmen. He is equally furious with the " isms " and " ists " of recent art, but too inarticulately to be effective: he should study the reasoning method of Mr. Sullivan. The book is handsomely turned out and the printing has been an object of jealous care.

AN ASTRONOMER'S CREED

Death and its Mystery: Before Death. By Camille Flammarion. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

M. CAMILLE FLAMMARION'S earlier writings on astronomy, characterized as they were by a deliberate and successful romantic style, turned the interest of the public eagerly in the direction of that science. He is not so fortunate with his psychic studies, which have produced too many popular exponents during the fifty years M. Flammarion has devoted to their examination. The volume before us is the first of a trilogy, which has been completed and will be published in due course. The present volume is devoted to the conditions before death, the " proofs of the existence of the soul "; the second to the moments before death, " the manifestations and apparitions of the dying," and the last to the conditions after death, " the manifestations and apparitions of the dead."

Let us repeat at the outset M. Flammarion's own dictum, that in the scientific study of these matters, our personal predilections must not for a moment come into play. The majority of men would be delighted beyond measure to find logical proofs of the soul's existence after death, whether or no they possess that instinctive conviction already. A few would be as distressed to learn that they will only shuffle off this mortal coil to assume an immortal. Yet, for our part, we can go so far as to express ourselves disappointed by M. Flammarion's book. Let us accept for one moment the position which this first volume argues, that the existence of the soul is proved by the existence in many authenticated cases of such supra-normal faculties as " vision without eyes " and " knowledge of the future." These faculties have no connection, argues the author, with the cerebro-spinal system; when, therefore, that system is disintegrated, there is is no reason to imagine that these faculties are at the same moment disintegrated. Let us quote M. Flammarion's actual words: " Every second a human soul abandons a body. Is it annihilated? Nothing proves that it is." Are we therefore left to infer that it is not? The third volume of this work will attempt to prove the validity of psychic phenomena after death. Let us grant even this. But may not the psychic be dependent upon the physical phenomena that preceded them and have given them their impetus? Conceive the crashing of heavy chords upon a piano; then, at the moment the hands are lifted, the sudden annihilation of the instrument by an electric agent. The vibrations in the air will produce, for their appointed time, their physiological consequences, despite the destruction of their cause. In precisely the same manner is it not possible that the soul persists, rapping tables, it may be, or moving tumblers, or speaking through trumpets, until its purely secondary vitality has been exhausted?

Most of M. Flammarion's volume, is, in a strict sense, unnecessary at this stage of psychological science. No hardened materialist will repudiate the existence, either sporadically, or diffused universally in unequal measure, of the strange supra-sensuous activities which are here carefully recorded. He will not for a moment dispute the truth of the extraordinary anecdote related by no less reliable a witness than the Archbishop of Bordeaux:

> This prelate told me that when he was in the seminary he had known a young priest who was a somnambulist. As he was curious to understand the nature of this malady, he went every evening to his chamber as soon as he knew that the priest was asleep, and observed what happened. Well, this priest arose, took some paper, and composed and wrote sermons. When he had finished a page, he read it over aloud, from one end to the other (if we call " reading " this action which was done without the eyes); and if something displeased him, he cut it out and wrote the correction in above, with much good sense.

The point which M. Flammarion leaves undecided is whether this faculty and the strange faculties kindred to it, are wholly isolated from the mental powers we are aware of, or are, in some manner yet untraced, consequential upon them. He takes, for instance, " the intervention of the will, without any word or sign," to be " a manifestation of the personal existence of the soul." But surely it is not. It manifests the existence of nothing but the will. In the same manner, he accepts premonitions of future events—there is no denying the reliability and accuracy of the premonitions M. Flammarion records—to be a proof of the soul's existence. But need they be more than what is termed a " lightning deduction " from a sequence of facts known only to the subconscious mind, an entity by no means to be confused with what these writers name the " soul "? Or premonitions may be a sudden consequence, an intuitive realization, of a more profound metaphysical truth—that " relativity of time " to which philosophers are turning their attentions, by the light of which, past, present and future are nothing more than working hypotheses. There is no doubt that these are difficult speculations, but their very difficulty makes them worthier the traditions of philosophy than the solutions which the spiritualists too readily accept.

M. Flammarion's book suffers considerably from its neglect of the recent psycho-analytical examinations which might so largely have assisted him, either to modify or substantially to strengthen his conclusions. But the documents and letters he quotes will be found in the highest degree valuable to students of psychology, as problems to be solved, or illustrations of problems already solved.

LANGUAGE

Language, its Nature, Development and Origin. By Otto Jespersen. Allen & Unwin. 18s. net.

THIS volume may be taken as summing up the experiments and theories which its venerable author has made during his long and active life. It is put forth with an air of *nunc dimittis*, although without the smallest assumption of finality. He claims to go as far as a single student can, and he leaves to others the task of continuing a labour which can have no end. Dr. Otto Jespersen, who is, or till lately was, professor in the university of Copenhagen, is one of the most learned linguists whom the nineteenth century produced, and what he has to say on the science of language must be received with great respect. He had mainly given his attention to grammar when, in 1886, he published his earliest phonetic essays. In his remarkable volume, entitled 'Progress in Language' (1894), he started the theory of the origin of speech, which has been widely discussed, and about the same time he formed his views as to the decay and progress of language. In the first year of the war, Dr. Jespersen brought out a volume

entitled 'Modern English Grammar,' which had the inconvenience of being published at Heidelberg, although, as we may in justice record, the author's views were warmly expressed at home in favour of the Allies. He has progressively given more close attention to the study of phonetics, on which he issued a valuable primer in 1904, and his observations on the organic basis of speech are highly suggestive. All these subjects, and more, are drawn together and treated with renewed revision in the solid work before us.

On the threshold of the theoretical chapters of which his new book mainly consists, Dr. Jespersen pauses to give a survey of the history of the science of language. There seems to have been little done in this direction until Herder, in 1772, daringly opposed the view, till then universally held, that language was a direct gift from God, and could not have been invented by man. But Professor Jespersen is inclined to consider Franz Bopp the real founder of modern linguistic science. He gives a full and interesting account of the development of knowledge through the nineteenth century, in the course of which, however, as we are disposed to think, he gives an exaggerated prominence to German theorists. It is not till he reaches Professor Henry Sweet that he spares any acknowledgment to English scholarship, and he seems to omit France altogether. This is a curious instance of the tyranny of Teutonic intellect over the Scandinavian mind, in the case of one who is by no means the dupe of German authority politically.

The influence of children on the development of a national language is a subject peculiarly attractive to Dr. Jespersen, who devotes a large part of his book to a study of the way in which a child learns his mother-tongue. His great work on this theme, published in Danish in 1916, has not yet been translated, but the substance of it will be found in Book II. of the present volume. Unfortunately, the author has not been able to make first-hand observations with regard to English speech, but he urges English and American linguists to take up the systematic study of the language of children, or of one child. The later chapters of Professor Jespersen's volume are of a very technical character, and cannot be analysed here, but we recommend them to the close attention of those of our readers who are interested in the science of speech. Some of them will be inclined to differ with him on the question whether it is possible to construct an artificial language on scientific principles for international use. He thinks that it is evidently important for the whole of mankind to possess such a language, and that Ido is scientifically and practically much superior to all other parallel attempts. We blush to confess ourselves unversed in Ido, but unless it is a great improvement on those horrors, Volapük and Esperanto, we are old-fashioned enough to prefer the ancient legacy of Babel.

SEA ANGLING

Modern Sea Angling. By F. D. Holcombe. Warne. 21s. net.

UNTIL very nearly the close of the nineteenth century the art of "sea angling" properly so called was practically unknown, and one wonders what 'Piscator' would have said if 'Auceps' or 'Venator' had suggested that a mere sea fisherman could ever become a true brother of the angle. We well remember the scorn expressed by a hardy old Cornish fisherman when, some thirty odd years ago, we started fishing for pollack off Padstow with a light rod and river tackle, and his intense surprise when he found that for every fish he took on his stout line we captured three. During the last few years sea angling, fostered by the British Sea Anglers' Society, of which Mr. Holcombe is the honorary secretary, has made immense strides in popularity and progress, and as the difficulty of obtaining good fishing in fresh water becomes greater day by day, no doubt many anglers will turn to the sea for their sport.

The literature of the salt water branch of angling is as yet in its infancy, and, as an author, Mr. Holcombe should prove as interesting to the sea angler as was the late Mr. Francis Francis to his brother angler of the lakes and rivers. Mr. Holcombe modestly disclaims any right to pose as an authority on the subject of which he writes, but his work displays an intimate knowledge of the science, and gives the reader much useful information, gained evidently by long personal experience, as to the most successful methods of catching sea fish with the finest of tackle. He writes in a pleasant conversational style, and some of the anecdotes, notably those related in the chapters describing the capture of shark and halibut, are calculated to quicken the pulses of every angler, even the most ardent purist of the dry-fly school. The chapter on bass, a quarry regarded by most anglers as the most sporting sea fish, is new to us and extremely interesting. Like his prototype, Izaak Walton, and we hope all other true anglers, Mr. Holcombe is of a gentle nature and urges that fish should be killed expeditiously and without the infliction of needless suffering, and in this, as well as in his philosophical remark that "there is little doubt that one of the many charms of angling, whether in salt or fresh water, is its uncertainty," we cordially agree with him.

COMEDIES OF IDEA

The Comedies of Harold Chapin. With an Introduction by J. M. Barrie. Chatto & Windus. 10s. 6d. net.

IT is, we think, a mistake not to give the date of production and the cast of such of these plays as have seen the footlights. 'The New Morality' has surely been produced; one seems to remember a critique or two. How long did it run? If produced in town we hazard a week; if Miss Irene Vanbrugh was the Betty we incline to a fortnight. There is nothing for the West-End playgoer here—neither situation, sentiment nor grossness. We do not even learn the epithet which Betty hurled at Muriel Wister. Nor do we see the lady for whom Betty's husband fetched and carried without reward. Superficially the play resolves itself into whether Betty will apologize or go to prison for criminal libel. Actually we wonder how long her stupid menfolk will take Betty at her word. "I'm an idealist," she cries to her husband, "I don't care how unfaithful you are to me, but you must not make yourself ridiculous." This is the "new morality," expounded at great length by, of all people, the husband of the libelled lady.

> Ridicule is the appreciation of something being out of place. It is essentially a spiritual feeling; the expression of that sense of order by which the spirit controls matter. Sensitiveness to spiritual condemnation, that's what woman asks of her husband. . . . He calls her superficial because she cannot sink to his base and ignoble morality.

This is nonsense, but it is, at least, calculated and provocative nonsense. Its enunciator is drunk and, at the conclusion of his speech, very properly tumbles into the river from the deck of the house-boat upon which the action passes. As the curtain falls Betty handsomely abandons her preposterous attitude—she wants all possible kinds of faithfulness. It is a delightful comedy for women who do not regard the theatre as another form of the bargain sale. We can think of no actress except Miss Vanbrugh competent to cope with the heroine's generosity of vituperation and make it and her illogicality things of charm.

Nor can we think of any actress save Miss Marie Tempest who could handle Pauline in 'Art and Opportunity,' and even her hard brilliance would probably not suffice. To run the gamut of three engagements in twenty-four hours is too spectacular a feat to be entirely credible. 'Elaine' breaks down in logic. We

cannot take the idealist seriously who proposes to run away with a man's wife and jibs at the discovery that she is merely his mistress. 'The Marriage of Columbine' does not rank, according to Sir James Barrie, with the first two plays. Yet he admits it to be the most lovable, and, in incidental character, "delicious." Subconsciously Sir James is probably aware that this is a theme he himself could have handled with a grace even more elfin. Simple little Columbine leaving Scaramouche, to whom she is not married, to be made an honest woman of by a ridiculous local preacher whose embraces she will not suffer, thereafter going back to the clown and her baby—this is sheer Barrie. Where is the London manager with an eye not to art, of which he is supposed to know nothing, but to business, of which, apparently, he knows less? Given an actress who really can act, say Miss Hilda Trevelyan, this little play has all the women and most of the men in happy tears. It is the only one of the four in which heart and not head takes the lead. Yet there is more intelligence in this least high-brow of comedies than in the massed "propositions" of Shaftesbury Avenue.

A NEW CRITICISM OF HORACE

Horace, Odes and Episodes: a Study in Poetic Word-order. By H. Darnley Naylor. Cambridge University Press. 20s. net.

PROF. NAYLOR here offers a text of the lyrical work of Horace, with a commentary underneath on the order of the words. This is backed by a formidable preface in which five main rules of word-order are formulated, and huge lists are made out of Horace's practice. To one grouping there are fifty-six exceptions, and if any word-order does not fit the rules, it has to be explained by special emphasis. Prof. Naylor does not carry his system so far as Principal Evans in 'Allitteratio Latina,' who conjectures Latin as it stands into Latin as it should be. But he has been led to depreciate whole odes which do not answer to his canons as they should. 'Quis multa gracilis,' we learn, has an order "often strained," and may be a translation. We see no occasion to find fault with this charming ode, nor have we ever heard or read of a scholar who found that Horace's hand was rusty in the first Ode of the Fourth Book. We cannot suppose that Horace worked by rule, and too little attention is paid to the point that he packed a great deal of art and epigram into difficult metres, to which he kept with great care. He had to dance in chains, which is not easy even for a first-rate artist, and often his order was the only one possible to get in the words neatly.

The rules given are a sound exposition in the main of the poet's instinct, but sometimes they lead to a forcing of his sense. On the other hand, Prof. Naylor sometimes helps us to know which word goes with which. But a theory, once started, prejudices the mind. Difficulties which do not exist for the normal reader start up to be solved by the new rules.

SYLLOGISM AND SOCIETY

The Elements of Social Justice. By Professor L. T. Hobhouse. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

GREEK philosophy envisaged ethics and politics as different aspects of the same problem. To the mediæval schoolman politics was the handmaid of ethics even as kings and emperors were but the Pope's vicegerents. The audacity of 'The Prince' and 'The Leviathan' lay in their plea for a *realpolitik* based on an independent and objective foundation. Bentham returned to the older and more humanist conjoint system which Professor Hobhouse follows in his scholarly and closely-reasoned volume. His method is deductive, but he displays an Aristotelian deftness in elucidating his generalizations with concrete and familiar illustrations. "The only valid principles are those that emerge from our experience." The principle of relativity, which is sweeping over the realms of philosophy like the invading horde of a new faith, receives implicit homage in a critical scrutiny of some latter-day shibboleths. Ideals such as those of democracy and nationality, whose validity is almost axiomatic when they are studied in isolation, dwindle in proper perspective to mere passages in the bewildering labyrinth of human rights. Tragedy lies not so much in a Manichæan struggle of the good and the evil as in the equally pitiless grappling of the good with the good. Professor Hobhouse debates conflicting claims with an impressive patience and impartiality. At times we seem to have lost our way in the no man's land of scepticism. But eventually we are led into the entrenchments of a positive conclusion from which we shall not easily be dislodged.

Though 'Social Justice' is essentially analytical, some of the later chapters harden occasionally into constructive suggestions. But the author will not injure the plasticity of his argument by confining it within a mechanism, however delicate:

> The social ideal is to be sought not in the faultless unchanging system of an institutional Utopia, but in the love of a spiritual life with its unfailing spring of harmonious growth undefined.

It is at this point that philosophers like Professor Hobhouse come face to face with the poets and the makers of beauty. They have trodden different paths, and none has laboured less strenuously than the rest, but to the preservation of liberty, the original and ultimate good, all are equally vowed.

Fiction

Wanderers. By Knut Hamsun. Gyldendal. 8s. 6d.

THE writings of the most distinguished author who has flourished in Norway since the deaths of Ibsen and Björnson are beginning to be appreciated in this country. Hamsun has been writing for more than forty years, for 'Björger' bears the date 1878 on its title-page. He has slowly conquered a great position, not without frequent errors of taste and execution, but with a persistent fidelity of effort which commands approbation and retains it. 'Growth of the Soil' was a book of extraordinary force, and it summed up the qualities in which Hamsun differs from his contemporaries and excels them. His more recent stories seem to repeat, with less emphasis, the qualities of that marvellous chronicle of man's successful struggle with nature. We have before us 'Wanderers,' which is a translation of two recent stories of Hamsun, bearing for titles in the original the words 'Under the Autumn Star' and 'A Wanderer plays with muted Strings.' The translator, Mr. Worster, who has done his work well, has melted these into a single novel, and he is justified in doing this, for the second is a distinct continuation of the first.

Readers of Hamsun's story called 'Pan' will recall the type of hunter and nomad into whose mouth that tale is put. The spokesman of 'Wanderers' is of the same class—a man who does not resist civilization but is weary of it, and avoids it. He insists on taking his place in society as an independent worker and producer. Hamsun has arrived at delineating this kind of citizen with extraordinary skill. 'Wanderers' is told in the first person by a man who is without variety or self-consciousness, and it is only by a great variety of touches that we collect some idea of his past. He is well-educated; he has seen the world in Mexico, in Madagascar, in Venezuela, in Uganda, but he is tired

of exile and he comes back to Norway to take up work with his hands. In this he is extremely competent, whether at digging a well or building a barn or reaping a corn-field; he has hands which can be set to everything. Someone has paradoxically said that Hamsun is a cross between Mark Twain and Dostoieffsky. It is possible to see the point of the remark in reading the fascinating books in which he mingles a subtle and tender psychology with a picture of a man in his direct dealings with nature. No one, not even Björnson, has given the impression of peasant life in Norway so vividly as Hamsun. In 'Wanderers' the scene of the upland manor-house of Ovrebo, with its animation and its quietude, its small busy activity ringed round by the eternal silence of the forest, is excellent in the highest degree. Even in a translation, the beauty of the impression of a Norwegian landscape at the height of summer, in the opening pages of 'With Muted Strings,' commands deep admiration.

In the midst of his idyllic pictures of rural life in Norway, Hamsun plants figures of remarkable solidity. The fellow-workmen of the hero, the affable and credulous parish-priest in his lonely manse, the Captain, master of the manor-house, above all the women in each settlement, are drawn with masterly firmness. All the sentimentality which was the weakness of Scandinavian fiction has now dropped from Hamsun, but he is just saved from the cynicism which is its counterpart by his fidelity to nature. Love, of not a very elevated kind, takes a prominent place in all his books, and he suggests that while man is kept healthy and normal, on the whole, by the ceaseless fight with the material forces of nature, woman is unhealthily affected by the solitude and the absence of outer excitement. In the second part of the story before us, the hero returns after six years to the scene of his labours. He finds the little colony greatly deteriorated morally, and the picture he gives of the life at Ovrebo is rather sordid in some of its details. It has an air of such candour that we are forced to believe in its reality, but we conclude with a hope that, if true, it is not the whole truth.

Mountain Blood. By Joseph Hergesheimer. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

THAT Mr. Hergesheimer is to be taken seriously seems now an established convention among critics. In all seriousness, therefore, we approach his very depressing picture of the Virginian mountain regions, a picture drawn, undoubtedly, with considerable power. His hero, Gordon Makimmon, is a stage-driver, but not of that idealist type with which Bret Harte has made us familiar. He has some redeeming merits, is kind to an ailing sister, chivalrous towards unprotected female passengers. But he makes a purely mercenary marriage, achieved, moreover, through trickery, and thereafter develops into an extremely unsatisfactory husband. His wife, like all the respectable women who appear in these pages, is potentially an invalid and a shrew, with a terror of motherhood which recalls pre-war French fiction. Yet she deserves better treatment than desertion for a schoolmistress of incredible depravity, and this fact is brought home to Gordon by her death in supremely distressing circumstances. His repentance is genuine enough, and in expiation he evolves the really fine idea of playing Antonio to a local Shylock, on the strength of her fortune. Owing to his unbusiness-like habits, however, this enterprise is partially a failure, and he perishes by the act of a lunatic assassin, just as it is about to be placed on a really serviceable footing. The most discouraging feature about the society here represented is its entire lack of those qualities which we associate with an open-air, and much more with a mountain, atmosphere—health, high spirits and energy. Slackers seem at least as much the rule as workers. Common decencies and comforts are unknown, even to those with ample means for procuring them. Drinking and gambling for one sex, revival meetings for the other, are almost the only recognized amusements. Yet despite some suspicion of decadence, Mr. Hergesheimer's study bears a strong resemblance to authentic descriptions of pioneer life across the Atlantic, and throws perhaps additional light on the conditions of that life, and the part they have played in moulding the civilized American women. May not reaction from this squalor of virtue, this bestiality of vice, go some way towards explaining two of her prominent characteristics—her yearning after a sober, rather than a free, America, and her idolatry of clothes?

The Magazines

The *Fortnightly* opens with an able article by Dr. Dillon on the prospects of revolution in Russia under the heading 'Europe and Bolshevism.' No one knows Russia better than he, and his summing-up of the situation is of great importance. General Burton describes the history of Hyderabad for the last century in some detail. Miss Winifred Stephens writes on 'Women and the Clubs of the French Revolution.' She does not mention the *tricoteuses*; we wish she would explore the source of the legend that they knit the names of future victims into their work. Does it owe its origin to Dickens? Sir Charles Russell revives and amplifies Croker's guess that Dr. Johnson had been out in the '45, and makes it almost credible. Rowland Grey gives a really interesting paper on Madame Bovary, which she considers to be Flaubert's great work. But why does she write, "The glorious realities of 1914 have given place to such faded artificialities," when she means the exact opposite? Mr. Mallock sketches out an organization for scientific propaganda against the fallacies of political and social revolutionaries; Mr. Machray describes the difficulties and dangers before us in the Middle East from the Arab enthusiasts of all kinds, and Mr. A. A. Milne concludes a very satisfactory number with a sketch 'The Return' of a man who has fought through the war to find his place filled up.

The tendency to break down the supposed sharp line of demarcation which divides the old masters from living artists is now asserting itself in many directions, and as a good concrete instance of it may be quoted the current number of the *Burlington Magazine*. The list of subjects covered in it ranges chronologically from a Sassanian silver dish to the work of Mr. Charles Jagger and Mr. Rodney Burn, which forms the subject of an article by Mr. MacColl. Of the examples of art of the past here discussed, the greatest general interest attaches perhaps to the double portrait of George and Charles Villiers by Van Dyck, lately acquired for and now shewn at the National Gallery, which Sir Charles Holmes takes as his text for a suggestive inquiry into the characteristics of Van Dyck as a portrait painter. Readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW will be interested in the contribution towards solving the problem of the 'Unknown Soldier's Grave' which is contained in the editorial article. Dr. Borenius (whom we congratulate on his appointment as Professor in the London University) is another contributor to a strong number.

The *World's Work* celebrates 'Lord Birkenhead's Short Cuts to Greatness,' without mentioning any of the verse to which these have given rise: a collection of them would have been pleasing. Mr. Page's memoirs this month include 'Germany's First Peace Drives.' Mr. Stefansson gives us some new views of the extreme North in 'The North that Never Was,' and introduces us to a much-required institution whose idea must have occurred to Samuel Butler, a University of Unlearning. There is a good paper on 'The Theatre in Eastern Europe,' and, as usual, the magazine is lavishly illustrated.

The *National Review* on its sporting side has Major the Hon. H. Lygon on Carpentier in 'At the Ring-Side' and Miss K. McKane on lawn-tennis in 'Wimbledon Problems,' where she discusses the championships and Mlle. Lenglen—separately. The sole contribution to "literature" is by the egregious Mr. Looney, who cooks the hare 'Shakespeare: Lord Oxford or Lord Derby?' while it is still roaming free. Mr. Dawson has a short biography of the late 'Walter Morrison' and the Duke of Northumberland prophesies 'The Future of Conservatism' in hopeful vein. There are other interesting papers in a quite good number.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE
INSURANCE Co., Ltd. Funds £25,746,000. Income £9,110,000
London: 61 Threadneedle Street E.C. 2 Edinburgh: 64 Princes Street

Cornhill, in addition to the current story by Mr. Stanley Weyman, contains some excellent miscellaneous reading. There is a very amusing account of W. S. Gilbert from his letters, an account of Snake-charming in India confirming an article published some time ago in this magazine, a story of revenge among the hills, and a narrative of childish experience. Sir Neville Lyttelton re-tells the forgotten story of Army Purchase, Mr. Macdonald recounts some experiences of a miner in Australia and Mr. Hesketh Pritchard in ' Hunter's Luck ' tells us how he went after the grey seal in Fruen Islands, and what sport he had there.

The *Church Quarterly Review,* in addition to several noteworthy handlings of the Modernist position, has two solid contributions to learning. The paper on ' The Early Roman Liturgy,' by the Rev. W. C. Bishop is a most valuable study of the early Gregorian ritual and calendar, which demands attention by all liturgiologists. Prof. Box's account of ' Some Recent Contributions to the Study of Judaism ' is equally authoritative and perhaps more generally interesting. Prof. C. C. J. Webb reviews the Gifford Lectures of Prof. Alexander, and there is the usual invaluable index of current theological literature.

The *English Review* contains this month a poem by Mr. D. H. Lawrence, an appreciative study of ' The Novels of Violet Hunt ' by Miss May Sinclair, who does full justice to the very personal talent of Miss Hunt, a story by the Baroness Von Hutten, which is a variant of a very old idea, and a study of temperament by Mr. Golding. The article which will attract most notice is one by Mr. Gordon Craig on ' The Cinema and its Drama,' a fierce criticism, which omits only to notice the fatuous drivel which is presented to the cinema's patrons as the acme of its sensibilities.

The *Revue de Geneve* publishes a short letter of Mme. de Stael, written as a young girl, a paper by M. Maurice Barrès on the task of France on the Rhine, a story by Andreieff, not quite so ghastly as usual. The *Chroniques Nationales* deal with Belgium, France, and Italy, and M. Fournol continues his study of the philosophy of plebiscites.

The Library Table

The coming week will be a very important one at Messrs. Sotheby's, being devoted to a further portion of the famous Britwell Library. The more one sees of the riches that were got together by Mr. Christie-Miller, the more one wonders. There are enough rarities in this collection of 719 lots to make the reputation of a great library. There are books—of importance, too—of which the copy here is the only known example; there are others only to be found in Bodley or in private collections, and some whose very existence is revealed for the first time by their appearance here. The catalogue of this part of the library has been issued by Messrs. Sotheby in an illustrated form at the price of a guinea, and it should be in the hands of all bibliographers. It is furnished with an index of Printers and Publishers, a most useful and agreeable innovation. The course of the sale will be interrupted on Wednesday afternoon to permit of the sale of the Towneley Mysteries and the York Missal which formerly belonged to Sir Edward Coates. It is too much to hope that these treasures will find a home in the British Museum. Next week, on Monday and Tuesday, February 13th and 14th, a number of fine books and MSS. will be sold including two volumes of a magnificent Bible Historiée with twenty-seven miniatures, some exceptionally fine Horae, one Flemish and one English among them, and an Italian Pontificale very beautifully written. A very notable manuscript appears to be in the autograph of Richard Crashaw, and if so the British Museum so-called autograph must cease to be considered so. The last lot is a most remarkable and important volume, an illuminated Byzantine Psalter dating from the eleventh century—the earliest surviving one to contain both full-page and marginal illustrations. An illustrated catalogue may be had (price 2s. 6d.). Later on in the month, the unsold books from the Huth Library will be again offered.

The Ideas and Methods of the Council of Seven, by J. C. Snaith (Collins, 7s. 6d. net), were anticipated nearly fifteen years ago by Mr. Edgar Wallace's ' Four Just Men.' Like that formidable quartette, the Seven were banded together to remove from the earth those whom they considered to be enemies of society. As the famous Suicide Club selected its executioners by the fall of a card, so did these protectors of the public by the drawing of lots; and they would have been amused by the coincidence (had they been aware of it) that the grim task of assassinating Saul Hartz, the Colossus of Journalism, fell to a member who was as unwilling to take any active part in the business as was the Young Man of the Cream Tarts to dispose of the paralytic Mr. Malthus. However, he was more fortunate than the creature of Stevenson's fancy, for his victim was run over in the streets and killed before the date of his murder had arrived; and the sinister society, having accomplished its immediate objects, and moreover seen the error of its ways, disbanded without calling again on his assistance. The remainder of the book is occupied with a nebulous account of the social machinations of this obnoxious newspaper proprietor, and with the distinguished parliamentary career of the idealistic hero. There is a certain amount of political satire, not remarkable for its subtlety, and some thinly veiled caricatures of public persons. Altogether rather " heavy going " no less in its sensational than in its instructive passages.

The Virgin of the Sun, by H. Rider Haggard (Cassell, 7s. 6d. net). This romance is founded on the story of a ring found in Peru, which the author had seen in childhood, and which inspired scenes in several of his stories from ' King Solomon's Mines ' to the one before us. We learn that since this story was written the ring has come into his possession, and that he has presented it to the British Museum in the hope that its markings may one day be deciphered. The story connects it with a young Englishman of Danish blood in the days of Richard II, who rescues a strange foreigner from a London crowd, and, at the summit of his prosperity is forced to flee. Chance and the wind carry him and his guest to the shore of Central America, and from there they travel to the shore of Peru, where they are rescued by the heroine. From this point to the end the story rushes to its appointed end. The guest is the rightful heir to the Inca, the heroine is forced to become a bride of the Sun to save herself, and thus, in the new Inca's mind, is cut off for ever from human love, and the contest between the two friends brings on the catastrophe which looms over the end of the book. The story is as good as any the author has ever written except half-a-dozen of the very best, and no romance reader will willingly close the book till he has finished it.

Where the Young Child Was, by Marie Conway Oemler (Heinemann, 6s. net), is a collection of half-a-dozen Christmas stories from America, full of saccharine sentiment, some imagination, and a minimum of knowledge of men and things. They remind one of candied Bret-Harte with an infusion of Ella Wheeler Wilcox—that is to say, they should have a large public. To it we commend them.

Chess

PROBLEM No. 13

By J. B. of Bridport

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions should be addressed to the Chess Editor of the Saturday Review, and reach him before Feb. 11.

PROBLEM No. 12

Solution

White:	Black:
(1) B—Kt3.	Any move.
(2) Mates accordingly.	

Problem No. 11.—Correct from Albert Taylor, A. Lewis, A. S. Mitchell, A. S. Brown and R. Black (also No. 10).

To Correspondents.

C. O. Grimshaw.—No move of the Rook at Qsq will solve No. 11. Look again.

J. C. Gilchrist.—In No. 10 the Kt on K5 is placed to give mate at Q3 after the BR has made any move other than to B6, when (the key-move having been (1) R from R3 to Rsq) P x R is mate. In No. 11, Q—R5 is met by B x R. We are delighted to answer queries, for they are comfortable proof that our correspondents are taking an interest in our problems and chess notes.

In the City of London Championship the finalists are:—E. E. Middleton, R. P. Michell, E. MacDonald, E. G. Sergeant, R. H. V. Scott, Sir G. A. Thomas, H. Jacobs, R. C. J. Walker, H. S. Barlow, and either E. T. Jesty or P. W. Sergeant, who, as we write, have an adjourned game.

On the 21st ult., the Ladies' Chess Circle played and drew a ten-board match against the National Liberal Club, Mrs. Anderson, the British Lady Champion for the current year, drawing her game at the top board.

Croydon and District Chess League met the Rest of Surrey on 100 boards recently, the " Rest " winning by 55—45; and today Surrey meets Kent on 200 boards at the Central Hall, Westminster.

Obiter dicta Caissæ. V.

Unless strongly indicated by the position, castling with the Queen's Rook is likely to be dangerous if the adversary has both his Bishops on the board.

Books Received

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

Ars Vivendi. By Arthur Lovell. Seventh Edition. The Author: 7s. 6d. net.

Convention and Revolt in Poetry. By John Livingstone Lowes. Constable: 12s. 6d. net.

Dante's Divine Comedy. Translated by Charles Eliot Norton. Constable: 16s. net.

Riviera Towns. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. Hutchinson: 16s. net.

The A.B.C.'s of Disarmament and the Pacific Problems. By Arthur Bullard. Macmillan: 6s. 6d. net.

The Evolution of Consciousness. By A. Wyatt Tilby. Fisher Unwin: 15s. net.

The Philosophy of Daily Life. By E. C. M. Parsons: 8s. 6d. net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Europe in Asia Minor. By Felix Valyi. Second Edition. Murby: 1s. 6d. net.

France and England in the Middle Ages and Now. By T. E. Tout. Longmans: 7s. 6d. net.

Margaret Fuller. A Psychological Biography. By Katharine Anthony. Cape: 7s. 6d. net.

Peaceless Europe. By Francesco S. Nitti (Ex-Prime Minister of Italy). Cassell: 12s. net.

Princess Mary. By M. C. Carey. Nisbet: 3s. 6d. net.

The Origins of the War. By Raymond Poincaré. Cassell: 12s. net.

The Soul of an Immigrant. By Constantine M. Panunzio. Macmillan: 10s. 6d. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA

Shakespeare Adaptations: The Tempest, The Mock Tempest and King Lear. With an Introduction and Notes by Montague Summers. Limited Edition. Cape: 15s. net.

Smoke and Steel. By Carl Sandburg. Cape: 7s. 6d. net.

Twenty-five Sonnets from Shakespeare. Oxford, Blackwell: 2s. 6d. net.

ECONOMICS

Common-sense Economics. By L. Le Mesurier. Murray: 6s. net.

The Rockefeller Foundation Annual Report 1920. New York, Rockefeller Foundation.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

Among the Primitive Peoples in Borneo. By Ivor H. N. Evans. Seeley Service: 21s. net.

In the Heart of Bantuland. By Duguid Campbell. Seeley Service: 21s. net.

The New World. Problems in Political Geography. By Isaiah Bowman. Harrap: 21s. net.

FICTION

A Vagrant Tune. By Bryan T. Holland. Constable: 7s. 6d. net.

Geoghan's Kid. By Lester Ralph. Parsons: 7s. 6d. net.

Histoires Etranges. By G. Lenotre. Dent: 2s. 6d. net.

I Have Only Myself to Blame. By Elizabeth Bibesco. Heinemann: 7s. 6d. net.

Success. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Constable.

The Education of Alice. By Elsa Fish. Werner Laurie: 7s. 6d. net.

The Endless Road. By Owen Stranger. Holden & Hardingham: 5s. net.

The Love Story of Aliette Brunton. By Gilbert Frankau. Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net.

The Necklace of Tears. By Louise Gerard. Mills & Boon: 7s. 6d. net.

The Only Girl in the World. By Lloyd Williams. Page: 7s. 6d. net.

The Pharisees. By M. Morgan Gibbon. Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net.

The Red Rose of Lancaster. By May Wynne. Holden & Hardingham: 7s. 6d. net.

The Secret Adversary. By Agatha Christie. The Bodley Head: 7s. 6d. net.

The Seventh Wave. By Tickner Edwardes. Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net.

The Virgin of the Sun. By H. Rider Haggard. Cassell: 7s. 6d. net.

Wanderers. By Knut Hamsun. Gyldendal: 8s. 6d. net.

Wildfang. By Ernest Oldmeadow. Grant Richards: 7s. 6d. net.

Wishes Limited. By W. A. Darlington. Jenkins: 7s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Heredity in the Light of Recent Research. By L. Doncaster. Third Edition. Cambridge University Press: 4s. net.

Indian Texts Series. Siksha-Samaccaya: A Compendium of Buddhist Doctrine compiled by Santideva. Translated from the Sanskrit by Cecil Bendall and W. H. D. Rouse. Murray: 21s. net.

Journal of the Department of Letters. Vol. VI and Vol. VII. Calcutta University Press, 1921.

The Haunters and The Haunted. Ghost Stories and Tales of the Supernatural. Edited with an Introduction by Ernest Rhys. O'Connor: 6s. net.

The Reign of Terror. By Shemus. Dublin, Freeman's Journal. 1920-1921.



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This book has weathered the Christmas festivities, and is selling remarkably. Last week's sales aggregated nearly 400 copies. It is by Herbert Jenkins, author of Bindle (now 2/6 net). 7/6 net.

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Company Meetings.

LONDON JOINT CITY AND MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED

THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the London Joint City and Midland Bank Limited was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C.4, on January 27th, 1922.

The Right Hon. R. McKenna (Chairman), who presided, said:—

Two years ago, when we were suffering the discomfort of a rapid rise in the cost of living, it seemed appropriate at our Annual Meeting to take high prices as the subject of my Address. Last year when I addressed you, a policy of deflation had been publicly announced and steadily pursued for a considerable period. We have recently learnt the evil consequences of deflation in the school of experience, and this policy has for the time being fallen into disrepute. But unfortunately the lesson has had the effect of turning a considerable body of opinion back in favour of inflation, and we seem now to have in prospect a regular alternation between the two policies, each to be adopted in turn as a remedy for the other.

The truth is, of course, that both inflation and deflation are bad. What is needed is stability, the point from which both alike proceed in opposite directions. When we have stability of prices we have a basis upon which trade can be carried on with confidence. Manufacturers, merchants, and retailers, are then able to make their contracts with reasonable assurance that the debts created under the contracts will be paid when due in a currency of the same purchasing value as it had when the obligations were assumed. The world offers at the present time the clearest examples of the evils of both inflation and deflation. In Russia we see the complete industrial and commercial collapse in which the inflationary process finally ends; while in this country part at least of the trade depression and unemployment, and much of the budgetry difficulty which we see ahead of us, are attributable to the policy of deflation.

The overwhelming gravity of the problem of unemployment with which we are confronted at the present time has led me to choose it as the central theme of my Address to you to-day. It would be impossible within the limits of such an address as this to give more than a bare outline of each of the causes of unemployment, but in the short time at my disposal I will ask you to consider first the state of Europe, next our labour conditions, and lastly the burden of taxation.

If the economic needs of Europe were the primary consideration in international policy our course would be tolerably clear. We should recognise at once that modern industrial and transport conditions have brought all countries into such close trading relationship as to make each an integral part of the trading world as a whole. One nation, and still more a large group of nations, cannot be broken up and impoverished so as to destroy its ability to function without throwing the entire machine out of gear. Our own trade cannot recover its pre-war activity whilst so many countries continue in their present broken-down condition, and though our plans to foster our export trade by the grant of special credit facilities may be a temporary palliative, the only lasting solution of the problem is by the re-establishment of genuine peace and an ordered system of government throughout Europe.

An essential preliminary of the restoration of Europe is to settle the terms of the German indemnity upon a sound economic basis. When Germany is required to pay large sums periodically to the Reparation Commission, what is really meant is that Germany must export during each period saleable commodities which have a total selling value equal to the liabilities she has to meet.

If this were the whole problem, it would not present any great difficulty. The maximum annual payment Germany could be required to make under the terms of the London Ultimatum is about £400 millions, and there is no doubt that German industry is more than equal to an export of this value. But an industrial country cannot have a large export without receiving imports. Germany has to import a considerable proportion of her raw materials and a certain amount of food, and payment for these must be a first charge upon her exports. The utmost she can pay over to the Reparation Commission is her exportable surplus, and, considering the question only from the point of view of the amount Germany can pay, the problem becomes one of determining the extreme limit to which this surplus could be forced. What that limit may be I do not venture to say, but, judging from the experience of the last six months, I do not think that it could possibly be made sufficient to meet her liabilities for reparations under the Ultimatum of London.

The more or less however of the German exportable surplus obtainable under external pressure is not the only point we have to bear in mind. We have to consider also the other effects of this pressure and how it reacts upon ourselves and our own trade. After all we exact reparations in order to gain some advantage for ourselves. If the form of the reparations and the means adopted to secure payment do us more harm than good we fail in our object. External pressure means forcing Germany to develop her export trade under penalty of invasion, blockade or such other punishment as the Allies may inflict. But Germany can only export in competition with her trade rivals whom she must undersell in the foreign market. To ensure cheap production she must pay less wages than other nations for an equal labour product, an object she can achieve by depreciating the mark in foreign

exchange so as to keep its external below its internal value. So long as this difference in value exists, it affords a premium on German exports, and as the pressure upon her to pay reparations continues, she cannot avoid a progressive depreciation of her currency. In the actual condition of affairs German competition at prices far below what is possible for us is a serious blow to our foreign trade, and is one cause of the depression and widespread unemployment of the last twelve months.

It will be asked, what then can Germany pay, without injury to us, towards making good the civil damage the Allies have suffered in the war? As to the annual amount, she can pay to the full extent of the export surplus her trade can give her without forcing the external value of the mark below its internal value. As to the form, she can pay in specified commodities, which in our case might include, sugar, timber, potash and other materials which are indispensable to us but which we either do not produce at all or in insufficient quantities. She can pay also by the surrender of any foreign securities her nationals may possess, so far as they can be traced, and, if the Allies are willing to accept this form of payment, by the direct employment of her labour in reconstructing devastated areas. In all that I am saying now I am speaking only from the economic point of view. It is not my province to enter into the sphere of political action. But I cannot help thinking that an agreement founded on a realisation of economic possibilities would be at once more advantageous to the trade interests of the world and more productive in reparations payment itself than successive ultimatums which in due course prove to be impossible of execution.

If we pass from the external influences upon our trade which at the present time are affecting us injuriously and turn to our labour conditions, I believe we shall find that here also mistaken economic ideas are at the root of much of our trouble. Every person in this room would, I have no doubt, regard it as the merest commonplace to say that all rules, or customs or practice which by restricting output cause more men to be employed than are necessary to do a given piece of work in a given time, must increase the cost of production and in the long run be harmful to trade. But we should make a mistake if we thought that this was an opinion generally held by workmen. Many workmen of course have as good an understanding of economics as anybody; and it is right to say that so far as I am aware there is no Trade Union regulation, with possibly one exception, which in so many words directly restricts output. But it is not open to doubt that such restriction is very common in practice. We know, for instance, how usual it is to prescribe a limit which individual output may not exceed, and it is quite customary upon the introduction of a new machine to insist upon more men being employed than the machine really requires.

Underlying this practice or custom is the praiseworthy purpose of preventing men being thrown out of employment. I believe a large part if not the majority of our workmen think that a restriction of output has this effect. In a country like ours in which trades are greatly subdivided and every man is confined by habit and training to a particular section of work, the fear of unemployment is the bane of working-class life; and if the unwritten rules restricting output did in fact prevent unemployment we could not hope to see them given up. But since they do not; since on the contrary the supposed remedy for unemployment is itself a powerful aggravation of the evil, what we need is to convince the workmen that their economic theory is false.

It would not be easy—I doubt if it would be possible—to define the limits of a nation's taxable capacity. Too much depends upon the human factor which varies so greatly in different people. As wealth is created by human effort the greatest care should be taken not to dishearten those upon whose enterprise so much of the industrial progress of the country depends. Looked at from the point of view of national wealth and prosperity, in which we all have an interest, it is bad policy to deprive business men of the stimulus of a reasonable return for their labours. It may be difficult to determine in advance the exact maximum scale of taxation which could be imposed upon us without impairing in any marked degree the national spirit of business enterprise, but we cannot shut our eyes to the signs that our present taxation has probably exceeded this limit.

But the question is not merely one of the discouragement of effort. We know that if business is to expand and prosper continuous additions must be made to the capital employed. A growing business—and at every period it is upon the growing business that the progress of the future depends—is one in which a large part of the profits each year are saved and put back into the concern. By this method the energetic and capable young man slowly acquires the additional capital he needs for development and brings himself to the front. If now the whole or a large part of his savings is absorbed each year in taxes he is deprived of the means of enlarging his business. New plant cannot be acquired; additional stock cannot be bought; growth becomes impossible. The capital which the keen, active, enterprising man could use to the utmost advantage in developing trade is taken from him and spent unproductively on one of the manifold activities of the State. In such conditions business must become stagnant, and in this country, where the industrial organisation is contrived for expansion and a continually growing production, stagnation means failure.

Let us look at excessive taxation in another aspect. Everyone is agreed that taxation of the poor on such a scale as to deprive them of the means of obtaining the necessaries of life is morally wrong. But it is not generally accepted that excessive taxation of the rich is economically wrong. Most rich men do not spend the whole of their income on their own consumption. Some part, and often a very considerable part, is saved, and these savings are lent as industrial and commercial capital. A high Super-tax in the case of the rich is largely a tax upon savings and the money taken by the State is withdrawn from productive use and spent upon consumption. In a healthy condition of a State no more should be raised in taxation than will leave an amount available for capital development sufficient to meet all the needs of business.

Our present scale of taxation then I believe to be so high as to undermine our national business energy and enterprise and to deprive us of indispensable capital. What is the remedy? There is only one, which we must face with all the determination and resolution at our command. We must reduce expenditure to the utmost limit consistent with our contractual obligations and the supply of indispensable services. If we do so now, we shall quickly recover our national earning power and with it will come the elasticity of revenue which we experienced during the second half of the last century. The ideal of economy, both in public and private affairs, is alluring and popular, but the practice is quite another matter. It is difficult, often hateful and certainly never popular. But to-day, looking at our decline in revenue, the state of our trade and the dangers which confront us, we have no choice. I have no hesitation in saying that, whatever the difficulties, the strictest economy in our national expenditure has become the first and most imperative necessity of our time.

The Report was adopted and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

OMNIUM INVESTMENT

DIVIDEND MAINTAINED.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Omnium Investment Company, Ltd., was held on the 26th ult. at Winchester House, E.C., Viscount St. Davids (Chairman of the company) presiding.

The Chairman said:—We have a slightly diminished income, but we maintain our dividend of 7 per cent., and we are able to add £3,000 to the carry forward. Now, if I were to begin by again making a forecast for the twelve months ahead, I should guess that possibly our income would again be slightly smaller, but that the dividend would probably be maintained.

That estimate is not too sanguine when you consider that we have £52,000 in our carry forward. That sum, having paid income-tax, is equal to 18 per cent. on our Deferred stock, and it does act as a great security for a reasonable dividend. Moreover, we do not often, taking one year with another, have to dip into the carry forward, and as usually its tendency is to increase, it does help as being in some degree a provision against depreciation. I think you will agree, therefore, that, as regards the outlook of this particular company, we have anything but a doleful future to face.

But there is no doubt that the times we are passing through are very difficult. The trade of the country is not in a good way, and we have two million people out of employment, besides a very numerous body who are only working part time. Now, gentlemen, I have personally had a good deal to do with unemployment for some time past, and the thing that forces itself upon my mind is this: that even if to-day we got back to a trade of per-war magnitude—which is a thing to be desired, though it is certainly not to be expected in the immediate future—even if we got back to that, I cannot help thinking unemployment would still be with us as a very serious problem. I will tell you why. When the war was on and there were three million or four million men in the army, the industrial position in this country was only saved by the fact that something like two million women, who never worked before, went into industry. That saved us. A good many of those women have either gone out of industry again or, at any rate, are unemployed, but you may take it from me that a million women are working in this country who never worked before. For my part that is not a thing to be deplored.

In my view, if the country is to pull round it is necessary that everybody who can work should work. That is vital, but if you are going to get back to pre-war trade, as we hope we shall some day, and you are still going to have a million people unemployed, that is still going to be a very serious permanent burden on the country. It means that those who are in work will have, even if trade is good, to do what they have never done before, and that is to carry the people who are out of work. People cannot be allowed to starve. They will have to be provided for either by private charity, doles, relief from the rates or by relief works. All this will be a burden on the country. What is the remedy? The more I think of it the more I believe that the thing which has got to be undertaken by Great Britain is the serious problem of emigration; not dumping people down in our Colonies and in foreign countries, but opening up great areas in our Colonies that are undeveloped and settling people there: and, unless I am quite wrong in my view, I believe that to be the real and permanent remedy for unemployment in this country. I beg to move the resolution for the adoption of the report and accounts, and will ask Mr. Maclaren to second it.

Mr. A. D. Maclaren seconded the motion, which was carried without discussion.

A vote of thanks having been passed to the Chairman the proceedings terminated.

E. W. TARRY AND COMPANY

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of E. W. Tarry & Co., Ltd., was held on the 31st ult. at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. John Varley presiding in the absence, through indisposition, of Sir J. Fortescue Flannery, Bart., M.P. (chairman of the company).

The Chairman read the speech which had been prepared by Sir Fortescue Flannery, in the course of which he said :—

" You will remember that a year ago, when we met together so that the directors might report to you upon the business of your company, to enable you to decide upon the recommendations of the Board, I called your attention, as one of the most important matters, to the congestion of stocks in South Africa. All trades there were, as I then stated, in a position of glut, as there were imported into the Dominion larger stocks than could immediately find an outlet. Since that date there has been a slump in the trade of the world, and that slump has been reflected in practically every business of every nationality, either by lower profits or no profits at all, and in some cases by failure, and in many cases by the passing of dividends, both Preference and Ordinary. In South Africa especially financial difficulties have been very acute ; many firms have been compelled to place large quantities of goods upon the market and to sell irrespective of cost, while, on the other hand, customers have been buying from hand-to-mouth while waiting for the expected continued reduction in prices. Selling prices of most of the articles in which this company deals have for many months past fallen in South Africa in far greater proportion than prices have fallen at home, and some of the companies which use stores rather than deal in them have, owing to the state of trade, placed large quantities of their own stores not required for immediate use upon the market in competition with merchants, thus further adding to the difficulty of doing business on profitable terms.

" The old-established connection of this company and its high reputation throughout the whole of the Dominion has enabled your undertaking to come through these difficulties with comparatively much better fortune than many other firms, and no doubt the shareholders will derive some consolation from this fact, and some hope for the future, because a company that could have successfully weathered the local storms in South Africa in 1921 has passed a test of endurance which may be fairly regarded as a guarantee for the future. Compared with the previous year's figures, the reductions in the year just passed have amounted as follows :—Gross profit, about 35 per cent. ; net profit, about 75 per cent. ; but this last figure is subject to adjustment of the excess profits duty, as there is a possibility of obtaining a considerable refund from the Government.

" You will remember also that at the general meeting a year ago some observations were made about the reserve fund, and that the large amount of £15,000 was voted in 1917 to this fund, as well as other amounts year by year, so that the directors have felt fully justified, in this year of exceptional difficulty, in withdrawing a small proportion of the total reserve fund and placing it to the credit of current accounts, so that a dividend even of reduced amount might be distributed."

The Chairman then moved the adoption of the report and accounts and the declaration of a final dividend of 2½ per cent. on the Ordinary shares, making 5 per cent. for the year.

Mr. M. Logan seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously, and the retiring director and the auditors were re-elected

Subscribed Capital, £43,447,080
Paid-up Capital, £9,309,416
Reserve Fund, £8,878,041

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PAID-UP CAPITAL	9,003,718
RESERVE	9,003,718
(31ST DECEMBER, 1921.)	
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	£317,655,838

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December 31st, 1921

Authorised Capital	£45,200,000
Subscribed Capital	38,117,103
LIABILITIES	£
Paid-up Capital	10,860,852
Reserve Fund	10,860,852
Current, Deposit and other Accounts (including Profit Balance)	376,578,579
Acceptances and Engagements	19,848,322
ASSETS	
Coin, Notes and Balances with Bank of England ...	59,989,012
Balances with, and Cheques in course of Collection on other Banks in the United Kingdom	12,802,707
Money at Call and Short Notice	11,651,497
Investments	56,758,808
Bills Discounted	72,118,034
Advances to Customers and other Accounts	176,779,261
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances and Engagements	19,848,322
Bank Premises	4,942,299
Shares of Belfast Banking Company Ltd. & The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	3,258,665

Copies of the Balance Sheet, audited by Messrs. Whinney, Smith & Whinney, Chartered Accountants, may be obtained at any Branch of the Bank

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AUTHORISED CAPITAL -	£20,000,000
ISSUED & PAID UP CAPITAL	15,592,372
RESERVE FUND - -	8,250,000
DEPOSITS (31st Dec., 1921)	330,942,300

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Capital Subscribed	£71,864,780
Capital paid up -	14,372,956
Reserve Fund -	10,000,000
Deposits, &c. -	348,891,976
Advances, &c. -	130,847,130

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